



# THE NURSERY SCHOOL

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LADY EVELYN, AGE OF NINETEEN  
THE LADY EVELYN, LORD OF LADY  
EVELYN

DEDICATED  
TO  
MY SISTER RACHEL

*“ I cannot think that thou art far.”*

*“ Educate every child as if he were your own.”*

RACHEL McMILLAN.



## PREFACE

THIS book was written in response to a desire expressed by many people in every part of the country for some help or guidance in the starting of Nursery-Schools.

The need for a book on this subject is certainly urgent. Not merely a few children, here and there, but hundreds of thousands are in dire need of education or nurture in the first years. For lack of it all the rest of life is clouded and weakened. The fate of vast numbers of little children given over to all the dangers and horrors of the streets, and in homes where no real nurture is possible, was brought very forcibly before us this autumn, when after a holiday we found that one-third of all our nursery children were diseased, and obliged to spend a week at the clinic ere they could come back to our school. We set about the treatment and restoration of the few. This book was written in order to urge the nation to set vigorously about the salvation of the many.

Nursery-Schools, we are often told, are in the experimental stage. This can hardly be true, for the experience of six or seven years' work has

yielded convincing proof as to how nurture can be given. It has indicated beyond all question the kind of environment that should be secured, and the means—very simple means they are—by which all the dangers of bringing many little children together can be avoided. The next step need not be tentative. It should certainly not be timid. There is a tide in the affairs of nations which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. The flood tide moment is here now. Not by cautiously adapting small houses and leading into them large groups of forty to fifty little children can we solve this great problem. How we should approach it, and what we should do I have set forth, as well as I can, in this book.

In the last chapter I have tried to thank those who helped me in the work of the School-Nursery. In this foreword I wish to thank my friend and publisher, Mr. Dent, for his unfailing courtesy and helpfulness, and Mr. Brian Rhys for invaluable help in the arrangement of my manuscript.

The illustrations in the book, other than the photographs, were prepared by the first and second-year students of the Rachel McMillan Centre.

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## INTRODUCTION

THIS book sets forth the brief of the Nursery-School as the public is beginning to understand the term.

There were Crèches before. There are Baby-welfare Centres; there are even Baby Clinics, and there are Infant Schools.

The Nursery-School is a new departure, and is distinct in aim and method from all that went before. It was placed on the Statute-book as a part of our educational system in August, 1918. In 1917 Mr. Fisher had formally opened the Memorial Room of my dear sister. Now in August, 1919, I send this book forth launching it in a troubled hour, though the peace-terms are signed.

The theory of all that is worked out more or less in this book is contained in a former book, *Education through the Imagination*, published for me in 1904 by Allen & Unwin. In it the whole subject of child psychology, centring as it does round the early-developing power of creative imagination, is dealt with much more fully than was possible in this volume. Theory and practice alike owe much, if not all, of their original impulse to the work of Edward Séguin, an exile from France

finding refuge in America, but waiting for full recognition of the value of his labours for at least thirty years after his death. In 1896 when I first made acquaintance with his work it was impossible to buy a copy of his book in England; and I was obliged to come up from Bradford to London in order to read his work in the British Museum.

Edouard Séguin was a teacher of defective children and a follower of Pinel, Itard and Esquirol. Absorbed in the great task of drawing the idiot and the imbecile from the abyss in which they are plunged, he was led by his toil for these to lay bare and expose many of the processes whereby human beings are prepared for a human destiny. Near the teeming ports of the New World he saw the exiles of poverty, of tyranny, and of despair arrive from every European country, and having been faithful to the poor idiot, he had a gift in his hand for this new world, and for every freed people also of the old. We also hope we have a gift for the millions who are not idiots, not sub-normal, but who are yet driven back from the outgoing life of civilised humanity by the poverty or rigour of their lives.

Nearly forty years have passed since Séguin's death. Sixty have gone since Froebel left this world. It would be absurd to say that nothing has been discovered, nothing invented, nothing improved in the work of child nurture and education

since their death. In 1859 Broca discovered the speech centre in the brain and heralded in so doing a new era in psychology. In 1896 a new classification of children became possible, by the discovery of finely localised and independent brain centres all affecting the individual's powers of learning each of the three R's. It would be strange if we fell back entirely on precedent when so many workers and investigators have made possible a rapid advance. Every teacher is a discoverer. Everyone is an inventor, an improver of methods, or he is a mere journey-man, not a master !

I have taken my environment where I stood. Our life's raft is on a stream that never pauses, that never stagnates, whose banks show ever the new landscape, and lead ever forward towards the horizon that is yet to be unveiled.

If in this hour of rapid change and transformation we can give any guidance to our generation my sister's work and my own will not have been in vain.

# THE NURSERY SCHOOL

## PART I

### CHAPTER I

#### THE PURPOSE OF THE BOOK

THE subject of this book divides itself into two distinct parts. First there is the Nursery-School, and all that concerns the children who attend or will attend it. And, secondly, there is the Teacher, Student-Teacher and their preparation and training for the new work.

Hitherto everything has been a little confused in the discussion of these two beings—the child and the teacher. There *were* no Nursery-Schools proper, certainly no outdoor nurseries, and the Student-Teacher and her affairs were all strangled somewhere in the midst of the “progressive” ideas put forth in regard to children. So confused, so blind indeed was the general view on this whole subject, that many people supposed that training of any kind was unnecessary—that any kind of nice, motherly girl would do for a nursery-teacher. Nurseries were to be, in other words, a dumping-ground for the well-intentioned but dull women

of to-day. More enlightened thinkers made other mistakes, and showed faith in "a few lessons" tacked on to various orders of training as a preparation for work which is the foundation of all social and educational success.

In order to make the nature of the work clear I have therefore divided this book into two sections—one being devoted to the nurture of children, and one to the training of Teacher-Nurses. These should, if treated seriously, correspond to or dovetail into one another. For example, if we speak of sensory training for little children, *and really mean it*, we must devote some time, and thought, and effort to the voice-training and visual-training of our young teachers. And this is the only way by which we can get the training for children.

It may be said at this point that already the Training Colleges are giving the education needed by our elementary and nursery teachers. These colleges, it is claimed quite rightly, make greater demands every year on the personnel of their students. The unfit in mind and body have long since found their doors closed to them. The most gifted women are engaged as Lecturers and Principals. And the examinations become every year more rigid. All this is true and is not in dispute. What we ask is this. If it be true that we believe in sensory education, and motor training for children as a condition of all future advance,

how can we give this training to teachers in large classes at all? Human beings can learn a good many things in massed classes, but they cannot have sensory training in masses. At first each must be taken alone. The teacher or trainer will have to learn where she is herself as a sensitive being. Having found out how she breathes, and moves, and speaks, and sees, how far her own sense memories are developed, she must start with work that is all designed to help her, and only after a while it may be possible to let her join a small class and work with others. As she improves she will grow more and more fit to work with others, but at first she is alone. Can this work be done in any large college or centre? I do not think that teachers can be trained there to give sensory training to children. In order to do this well they must first have a sensory education themselves.

I have one other criticism to make of existing colleges. Teacher-students have to take their theory first and their practice afterwards. They go to college and then they go into an elementary school. There they have to learn things that do not come in books. The head mistress has to begin and teach the newly-arrived student-teacher a new art—that of taking large classes and managing them; so that the children not only obey her, but learn certain things within a given time. What the student learned at college then floats away per-

haps like an unmoored boat on a stormy coast. The things that were memorised go first, and are seen no more. Worst of all, the soaring hopes and bright aims that beckoned her on in early youth fall like birds over the Dead Sea. Who has not seen those broken wings under the smiles and under the resignation of teachers no longer young?

It is the brightest and best who are apt thus to lose hope and heart. They have been obliged to do things in the wrong order—to proceed from the unknown to the book-known. Ours is only a centre, not a college, and yet we do not make this mistake. Our students begin by working in every section of the nursery. They get to know very child and how to help him by living with him. We were a little sorry for the first girls who did this, and did very little study of a book kind for a time, and they were perhaps sorry for themselves, but at last it became clear that they were learning a new art and getting ready to learn a new science. The washing, the feeding, the training in table manners, the listening to toddlers, the talking to three-year-olds, were not drudgery, but illuminating, wonderful tasks, opportunities such as no one ever had before. They were done not as mere labour, but as a preparation for mental work, and not as only ministering to bodies, but as a means of finding how the instrument of mind, the brain, develops and is helped. When at last the time came to give this work up (as it did at

the end of the first year) there were many regrets ; indeed, there was a feeling of loss. Our students now have only two or three hours' practical work in the day. The rest of the time is spent at lectures and in study. Later they will do no practical work at all. There is no danger now of mere cramming or memorising. Everything learned is big with meaning, and is lightened by a thousand memories that give it new interest. It is always our best students who are eager to go back to practical work again, to observe first hand again, to learn by doing once more. For them the shelters are a kind of laboratories ; they have eyes opened now to see what is going on there. And, since everything must be said now, even the most brilliant teachers have something to learn from these more practised students. They have to become as little children and learn, before they can in some ways come fully abreast of their pupils in the new work.

Our College is not a large one. It now numbers thirty students ; forty will be our maximum. We have to limit the numbers, and so principal and lecturers can get in touch with each, and give each the kind of help she needs. This is a good thing for souls if not for statistics. The Board of Education has so far recognised the work done here that from Easter, 1919, they will pay a grant for one year's finishing course, added to the training of two years taken in "their own



colleges," and will endorse the certificate of all those passing the final inspection. Meantime we have our own three years' course students for whom no grant will be paid. They give us our chance. They are our own product. We want to have them come to us with a good general education, having passed the Cambridge Local or other test; they shall remain three years. Eager as we are to equip the trained teachers, everything we do that is our very own we will have to test and prove in the education of the girls who are not teachers yet. These free lances form a new outpost of the great teaching service in this country.

In a later chapter I will try to show how they are trained.

## CHAPTER II

### THE NURSERY SCHOOL

THE year 1918 will stand out in the history of Education with even greater lustre than 1870. The Forster Bill decreed that, sooner or later, every child should learn the three R's. Mr. Fisher's Bill decrees that every child shall, sooner or later, have nurture as well as teaching. Between the passage of these two Bills lie nearly fifty years of struggle and anguish, of brave effort—yes, and voiceless sacrifice. The movement that reached its climax in the Bill of 1918 quickened its pace in the nineties and passed a goal in 1907 when the Medical Inspection of children was made part of our school system. But the History of Education is really the History of Democracy, and as the people advanced slowly in social hope and faith the level of their demands in education and nurture rose with the tide.

And yet we are still bound to answer a very simple question. Why, we are asked, do we want Nursery-Schools? Should not every mother take entire charge of her little ones till they are of school age? Is it not her duty to remain at home and

to devote herself to them? At every moment, and certainly at every meeting, this question is asked, so it may be well to answer it here. Nurseries and Nursery-Schools are wanted simply because little children want nurses. They, being children, need that very important kind of early education called *Nurture*. Can this be given, and given entirely by, let us say, the average mother? The well-to-do mother never attempts to do it alone. She engages a nurse, perhaps also a governess, perhaps a schoolroom maid; a great many engage a cook, also a housemaid. All these mother helps work in a spacious house, with, probably, a fine garden. I don't wish to continue the parallel. It is too cruel. The working class mother in her tiny home has no help at all.

Yes, the man and woman in the street, the average wage-earner and his wife, have been developing new susceptibilities and needs for many years. They are wonderfully like the rich man in everything but the difference of income. For example the rich man buys a motor car, but the poor man needs a tram or bus. The rich man has a fine library in his house, the poor one likes to have one in some street near his home. He tries to do collectively what the wealthy man does alone—and both have one end in view, the satisfaction of known wants. Well! in the fullness of time nurseries also have come to be wanted. True, there is no mention of the word nursery in any of

the newest plans for workmen's dwellings ! But there are rumours now of collective nurseries, where children can be gathered in safe and pleasant places, close to their homes and mothers, and under the charge of trained and educated nurse-teachers !

It is the private nursery enlarged, and adapted to the average family's needs ; and there is no reason at all why it should not rival any private nursery in its homelikeness and efficiency, or why, for that matter, it should not one day be presided over by the mothers themselves !

However that may be, I have been asked to deal with the question of Nursery-Schools, to set down in order what I have found out in the conduct of such a place before and during and after the Great War, to show what may be desirable or necessary in the choice of a site, in buildings and equipment, in feeding, and clothing, and the daily round of bathing, sleeping, play, work, and leisure ; to deal also with the mind work of the class-room and the nurseries ; the methods of teaching the usual subjects and others to children from one to seven years old ; to deal also with the question of staff, and the training and education of young teachers, and with the relations of parents to the Nursery-School : in short, to break new ground on a vast and new subject. It is from every standpoint a very large question. I assume in the start that the Nursery-School will, if successful, change

and modify every other order of school, influencing it powerfully from below. Knowing all this I might even have shrunk from the task, but the experience and efforts of which this book is the result have cost much. They were paid for finally by the sacrifice of my dear and noble sister, who poured forth all her resources, material and also spiritual, in order to begin and develop this work, and who died exhausted and alas! perhaps saddened by the long fight, on her birthday, Lady Day, 1917, just as the plans for the extension of our Nursery Centre were passed. I dare not therefore fail to complete the task begun and continued with her for so many years; nor can I forget in anything I say, her great and brave axiom, "*Educate every child as if he were your own.*" The kind of school planned in any given place must take account of the particular as well as the general needs of the children and mothers. For example, a very crowded industrial centre where mothers and fathers both go to work cannot be treated exactly as if it were a suburb, or a nest of small shopkeepers. The Nursery-School of which I have experience, and of which, therefore, I must often speak, was started in a very poor, very crowded district in the south-east of London. The workers of this place are largely casual, and, save for such training as is given in large factories for the making of boxes, tin cans, packing cases, and the like, unskilled. There are

a dozen public-houses within a stone's throw of the school, and some of the streets are quite dark and very noisy after dusk. All this makes the experiment more, not less, valuable; the work is as difficult as it can well be, and if success can be won here, it can be won anywhere.

Such an environment breeds a great crop of evils. The clinic we started in 1908 at Bow and removed in 1910 to Deptford has been crowded for ten years with thousands of children suffering from diseases that can easily be wiped out for ever. True, the clinic, as such, cannot make any kind of war with the causes that breed these diseases. It cures them again and again. It does not prevent and cannot prevent their return. We opened at last a large bathing centre. Here children are made clean and well, but even they come back again and again.

Now a large system of Nursery-Schools, if properly equipped, would cut at the root of all this misery. It would bring up a race of children with new habits and new needs. It would open the eyes of mothers to things they have never glimpsed at all. We say it would do all this, because we have seen it done. Now in ten years the clinic has not wiped out any disease at all! It has not emptied its own waiting-room!

Yet the Nursery-School has swept its children far, far from this old world. It is unthinkable that any of these should attend the minor ailment

clinic. It is unthinkable that they should even cross its doors while they are here. •

Often they pass near its door. After luncheon and in the afternoon the gate of the Nursery opens, and a troupe of lovely children file out and pass, a river of beauty and grace, up the dim alley, and across the sordid square flanked by public-houses. Women stop in their hurried errands ; men coming to and fro, or standing idle by the street corner, turn softened eyes on this line of nurtured children ! Are they really children of this neighbourhood ? Did any one of these ever run in the gutter, or linger, shockheaded, near a dirty close-head ? We need not ask such questions now. Already the past is far away. These children come to school every morning clean and fair. If they all take the school bath it is because they love it and will not, if possible, forgo it. And how do they differ from the well-groomed nurselings of Hyde Park or of Mayfair ? Certainly they should not, and we believe, do not differ from them through any lower standard of purity or nurture.

Thus far we have won already in the Nursery-School.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first open-air Nursery was started years after the Camp school for older children, and both are the result of work done in the school clinic. While all around us hundreds of anaemic and weakly children pined and strayed in the dim alleys and

muddy streets, there was in front of our doors an acre of waste ground which the L.C.C. had bought as a site for a three-decker school. We asked for leave to use the site as an open-air nursery, and leave was granted. "Only you can't have it long," we were told, "for we shall want it soon for building purposes."

If buildings could save us we had a good many here already. All around us they rise. Huge and very high schools with stone staircases and asphalted playgrounds. Tier upon tier of humanity, all thrown back daily at 4.30 into the street. Far be it from me to say that miracles are not worked by teachers behind these walls, but the hour had come as it seemed to try a new road.

So in March, 1914, we moved the Nursery-School we had opened in Evelyn House garden to the Church Street site, having first cleaned the ground as well as we could, and put up the first large shelter of corrugated iron: and then for the first time we had the first condition of any great advance—that is, a site or space to live on.

Children want space at all ages. But from the age of one to seven, space, that is ample space, is almost as much wanted as food and air. To move, to run, to find things out by new movement, to "feel one's life in every limb," that is the life of early childhood. And yet one sees already dim houses, behind whose windows and doors thirty to forty little ones are penned in



“Day Nurseries”! Bare sites and open spaces, let us find them! •

Surveys are made for various purposes in every city. We know that free spaces lie between many streets and thoroughfares. A railway ride from Whitechapel to Barking, for example, will show you large spaces, lying idle, the ground broken here and there perhaps by allotments, but for the most part all unused. In Deptford itself, perhaps the most thickly settled district of south-east London, we are surrounded on all sides by waste space. There are small pieces and large. There is a waste space in front of the camp, and one on the right of our hostel. We had a big dumping-ground behind the camp opening on the recreation ground, which we cleared to make the camp itself, but there are other places close by. Thousands of acres lie waste to-day in our crowded cities, and there has been no very serious effort yet to find out why this is so, how they can show how they can be brought into use. Yet bold surveys have been made. It has been found possible to open vast parks even in London, great open spaces that are the lungs of a district. We have these in Deptford close to the thundering street, green, health-giving, and for the most part empty. Through the long hours of the summer day our recreation ground here is empty. We have now to clear spaces that will *not* be empty. In these spaces we must have not only flowers and grass, but children. They

must be, not empty, unused places but, as far as possible, the annexe of many homes.

The Nursery itself should be attached to homes, otherwise it is not a Nursery, but only a receiving station. How dreary when one wakes in November to set off walking or wheeling through chill, wet streets, carrying a little child to a nurse. There is no need for such pitiful journeying! A covered way, paved or asphalted underneath, could be built out from every house or block of houses; and along this path little children could be taken by guardians or even by the teacher-nurses themselves every morning. In this way we can get nearer what is best in the good private nursery, viz.: the nearness of the mother, and also her co-operation and even control. No one has a right to ask that she part from her little one, and we shall not part them if this thing is well done.

It is not enough to have show-days and fêtes, visits and formal talks. Show-days are exhausting as Mrs. Poyser found out long ago. They are no part of the work-a-day life of joy and labour. A Nursery-School is, or should be, a part of the home life. Ours is overlooked by a hundred windows, and often there is a crowd of eager faces at each, but every moment a face appears, glances out and goes. These are English people, the children's children perhaps of those who knew Marlowe, and danced with him on the village green close by. This is good Queen Bess's area. They

loved open-air drama in her day. Well, still the people love to go to the pictures, having no outdoor summer plays any more. The nursery is for them a kind of return to the outdoor theatre; it is an open space, a garden, a school. Above all, a place of life and movement and action. The recreation ground near by has only trim paths. That is not enough; no one walks there. There is no spectacle. But here! No one passes the gate without looking in. All day there are groups near the entrance and eyes watching through the palings. They make me think always of the queues, waiting to go into the theatre. Here in London there might be a gay drama played out continually under the eyes of admiring mothers in all quarters. "It's *better* than a play," said a poor woman, hiding a jug under her apron, "better'n the pictures."

"Come on," cries a man at the corner, "come an' 'ave a look at the kids."

This is not child-study, perhaps, in the strict sense, but it is joy in the beauty of childhood, and joy is the beginning of much, particularly among the descendants of the people who liked good Queen Bess.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How do you select your children?" ask our visitors. We do not select them. Mothers come to our doors, and, if we have room, we take their children of one to seven years old, with only two

conditions. First, they must be free of all infectious diseases, and secondly, they must be normal. The slighter ailments and preventable evils we take in hand and settle before entrance, as I will explain. Once inside, the child comes under the influences of the great healers, earth, sun, **air**, sleep and joy. It is a point of honour with us to make every child so well that he needs no doctor.

## CHAPTER III

### PLAN OF THE BUILDINGS

IN planning the buildings for an outdoor Nursery-School, we have to think of three, perhaps even of four stages of childhood. Early childhood ends at seven, that great milestone noted by the leaders of all great races and religions, and now by those who tell us that brain-growth stops here. During the great war, when the grant was paid by the Ministry of Munitions, we did not let go the tiny hand of the infant of days, or toss it away when the little traveller was two, three, or even five years old. Though the Bill says three to five, we will not think merely of one or other of its stages, but of childhood as a period of existence ending at seven. Otherwise we are not students at all, and are like mothers who care for their children at one age, but ignore them at another !

Childhood is a time of change, of swift transformation. As an infant a little one sleeps much. As a toddler he wants to run and range all over a large place. At three or four he has become another person, with new needs and desires, and later still he is a schoolboy. That is why we have

to plan so that the children do not interfere too much with each other's lives, while at the same time these lives are not isolated or wrenched apart one from the others. They should meet often as in a family, in the gardens, at playtime, in visits to each other's shelters, and even at other times.

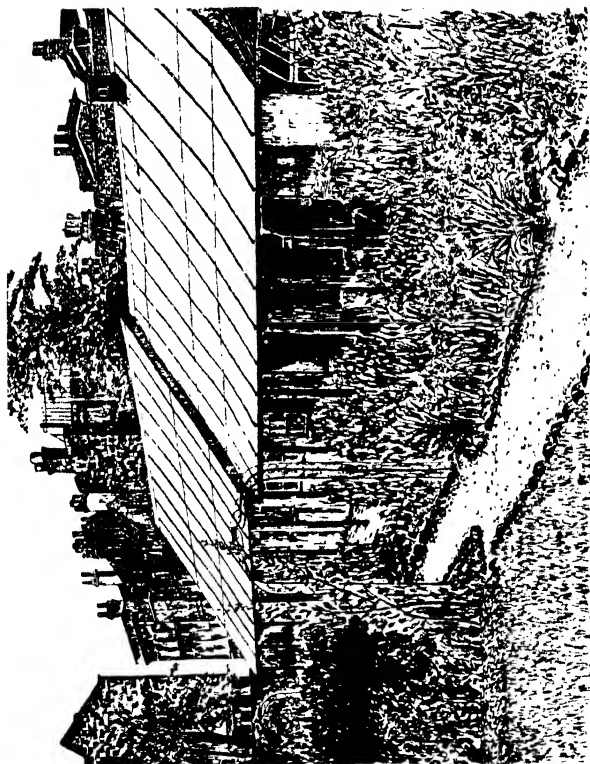
In planning the shelters we have to think about the weather also. It is not a fearsome thing to dwell on ! The best health records of the open-air nursery are always in winter, in January not in June : in fog and frost and rain we have the cleanest bill of health. "Nature never does betray the heart that trusts in her," even in winter. Still this trusting does not mean that we are to expose our children to hardship. Not only of bright summer mornings when the garden is gay with bright processions and groups playing among the flower-beds, but of winter afternoons when it is soon dark, and of cold and wet mornings, we must think *without fear*. And we know now that we think of them all without any shadow of fear.

The buildings should face south or south-east, and in order to have this, the line of the rooms or shelters must be straight, the walls at either end shaped in butterfly form to catch all the sunshine possible. The building may be of poëlite or some other composition.

Poëlite is fire-proof ; it is of a soft grey colour, very pleasant to look at. And with strong blue

or red painted woodwork it makes wonderfully pretty rooms. In pre-war days it was sold in large sheets that cost only 7s. 6d. each, and these make good strong walls, which can be roofed over with wood-ridged asbestos, giving a very pretty, gay effect. The street-like appearance of the shelters may be broken up by long awnings, or paved cloisters that offer shelter to children in rainy weather, or on sunny afternoons. Opposite is a picture of our camp building, drawn by one of our students. It shows the outlines clearly of one shelter.

In planning for bad weather it is well to put up an outer wall if possible, to shelter the buildings from northerly and easterly winds, and in front there should be terraces to break the force of southerly gales in winter. The front of the shelters should be open most of the year, but sliding glass doors or screens may be fixed in about the time when the days grow very short. If there is plenty of top light the screens do very well. Only on six or seven days in last winter were the screens and gables closed. The back or northerly wall, the only one that is in all the year round, has a deep opening behind it where the roof slopes down so that a current of air is always coming in from this quarter without making any draught. There should be low gates and fences to the shelters of the younger children, and a very low step running right along so that tiny feet can pass in and out without hindrance or risk. Overhead,



THE CAMP IN SUMMER

*Pen and ink drawing by a first year student.*



where the walls stop, the open wooden framework is seen, and there the air flows in a free tide.' During summer the gables are open and on many days also in mid-winter! The gables should have movable screens put in on the same principle as window blinds or screens. The walls are in movable sections in the corrugated iron shelters. Our walls lie out most of the summer, but *poëlite* does not lend itself to this treatment.

Any private nursery is part of a larger thing. It is part of a home. The collective nursery should be also, so far as possible, a part of the homes around it, from which its children are drawn. In order that mothers and children can pass to and from this nursery which belongs to them all and serves them all there might be a number of covered ways leading from the houses, as I have already said. "Covered ways" are quite a feature of this new kind of building. They might in some places connect the shelters with the bathrooms and offices, but they are even more useful and necessary for mothers who have to face the snow or rain of a winter morning.

Well! The building we will say is up! On the fair smooth floor the sun flood falls on summer days and on winter days too! But let us say it is summer. Through the open gables, and open spaces of the easterly wall, rustles now the green and tremulous curtain of leaves, and in front, though we are in a slum district, it has been possible

to give a vision of radiant flowers, of happy bird-life, of noble trees even to the children. Within the shelter only space is wanted, space for little feet that run the whole length of the room and back again as a new and glad experience. Space to trundle hoops, to play at ball with little hands outstretched and missing always, but always eager ! Space, the joy of joys under the sun flood ! That is life and it is sweet. All the furniture is planned so as to give this sweet freedom. The stretcher beds, made of stout canvas, are buttoned on to a simple wooden frame with collapsible legs. (See illustration, page 132.)

They can be all packed away in a big cupboard or cupboards, which hold from forty to a hundred of them. The cupboards should be built in. This leaves space and everything can be packed away out of the reach of dust. Our toddlers' cupboards run the whole length of the back wall of the shelter. They hold a vast number of toys, and make a shelf too for the many things they want to handle. The toy-tables, with high bordered edges, fold down into small space, and can be easily stacked away too. The little chairs, so light, can be ranged in small space. In fair weather, not only the glass screen, but even the low lattice work wall in front is down, so that, as we saw, with one tiny step down the toddler can be in the garden.

The low step and the low gates are useful. The

toddler loves to lean on the fence. The little child learns to use the step, too, going up and down very carefully at first. He learns also to climb on the outer stones of the long terrace, to jump from the flat stone at the end, and on the low lattice he can slide along when he is learning to walk. If the true story of a toddler's days were told it would be more thrilling perhaps than anything ever written. On what a sea of wonder does he adventure forth every morning. How vast is that garden with its big blowing flowers and great bushes. How strange are the winged things flying about the flowers like moving blossoms themselves, and never waiting to be touched ! How wonderful is the life of the meadow, and the birds that pick the hearts of the young green things. The rabbits, the tank, the great clouds to which we are sometimes asked to lift our eyes, the vault of light, the shadows on the white walls ! The rustling trees with their great branches, the stones that we gather and carry to nurse in wet pinafores ! The pools after the rain into which we diligently go ! What wonder and joy that will never come again ! But to go back to our buildings.

The bath-room should open off the nursery proper, all being of course on the same ground floor. It is convenient to have a wide sliding door, that never bangs, and never gets unhinged or out of order. The bath-room should be enclosed or indoor, but furnished with big windows looking

south. White pot baths fitted with hot and cold taps do very well, and they should be so high that the nurse need not stoop in bathing. They should be furnished with a wooden plank on which the child can sit. This plank can be buttoned back when out of use. There must be a high table on which the children can be dressed. Ours runs along up to the window, so that Tommy can hail his friends in the interval of getting his vest and knickers on, and Ted can watch his rabbits while he submits to having his hair brushed. The offices would open out of this room and be all indoors. There should be plenty of towel-pegs, and tooth racks.

The bath-room of a toddlers' room should be large enough to allow all the children to occupy it at once. This is very important.

The shelter of three and four-years-old children should differ a little from that of the toddlers, and it would be very easy to put up a beautiful one which would show its purpose at once to even the careless eye. It should be like the toddlers' nursery in being large, and sunny, and built so as to be open at the sides, gables and front in mild weather. One or two sides may have the same kind of cupboards, large, and built in. Down one side and above the low-hung blackboard should be lockers so that each child should have his own locker and shelf. The few pictures should be hung low. They cannot be too good of their kind.

They should be pictures of things that the child has seen or can at least understand, and drawn or painted in simple masses or outlines. The tables should be big enough to seat four or perhaps six. Bigger tables can be used in summer when dinner is taken in the playground or garden. In this nursery and also, of course, in the other there should be comfortable low chairs for the nurse-teacher, who will want to gather her flock round her knees, as in a home nursery, not talk at them from a distance. And there should be a piano ; if, as in one nursery school, some teachers learn the violin it will be a great joy. For very little children appear to have a great love for string instruments.

The bed-lockers need not take much space. They look like big wardrobes at the end of a shelter, and can be made of poélite (like the walls) with plain wooden framework. The shelter should have wide low steps that look a little like the Dutch stoep of the wooden houses of settlers. The floor must be concrete underneath and boarded. The gables may be fitted with movable screen or movable glass.

Opening off the larger room there might be a play-room fitted with toy cupboards, and with space for doll-houses, etc. This is not quite necessary, but otherwise the shelter should be very spacious, as it will have to serve for sleeping, dining, playing and work-room, and indeed every

nursery almost has to be used for all these purposes. A room of forty feet by thirty wide is not too large for a family of forty children.

The restless little hand of the toddler has won great things and made wonderful progress in the second year: that gay and fruitful progress need not be checked here. There should be writing boards all along the walls, but even that is not enough. For children use the hand, as they use the voice or the tongue, not in mere lesson time, but all day long and in every kind of play or work. The occasion to use it is always arising, and being so we must make provision for a natural activity. Some, at least, of the tables should be writing surfaces, so that one may draw, or write, as one speaks, whenever one feels one has something to do in that way. I had blackboards put up even on the outside garden walls. Thus by constant practice, not by set lessons, our three-year-old will learn the basis of many crafts and arts just as the toddler, by the same method, learns one language, and it may be two! In the evening hours a child will want to draw, or paint, or work, or listen, as in any happy home.

The ideal of such buildings should be home life, not school life as we know it. Low chairs for the nurse, who is mother and sister for the time; pictures and prettily coloured walls and light, musical instruments, flowers and an atmosphere of joy and love. That is what is required for the

child of wealth. It is needed for the children of all classes.

Older children up to five or six may use a rather different kind of bath from the toddlers: We use a concrete shower bath for the older children. It is cheap and simple, and can be filled from showers above, but it is fitted with hot and cold water. Here children of three to five may be bathed in sixes or even in dozens, finishing off with a clean spray of warm and cold water. Any outhouse can be fitted up as a bathroom of this kind, and the walls whitewashed and fitted with towels and racks, the great luxury being found not in glazed tiles and fittings, but in a full and free supply of hot and cold water at all hours. There should also be a hand-washing place for the children of three and over, with low basins fitted each with hot and cold water-taps. On plumbing we should spend so that washing would be made easy for child and nurse-teacher and dirt become a thing for which there would be no excuse. A laundry room too is a necessity and also a drying-room.

The shelter for children over five differs from the others in that it is frankly a school. It must have lockers and specimen boxes and geography and history play tables. This in summer should be a lovely room looking out on the fair garden, and in winter it should also be gay with its glass screens and southern frontage. The children see these

rooms all day long, just as their parents see the gardens, and they should give them sunny and fair impressions of work-a-day life and the beauty that may be a part of it. Our camp-school was lacking in some things, but how pretty it was! Pigeons about the arches, and all day long we looked on the rustling green of the recreation-ground trees. We were not allowed to go as a school into the empty ground, but we saw the grass. It was a real open-air school. Now it is far better equipped but we do not see so much grass, or sky. If our boys slept out in the shelter they would not see the fairness and the splendour of the sky as we saw it. They would not, perhaps, even have such ideas on building and architecture as the old boys will have! All the rooms of the upper as well as the lower school should be bright and gay. The kitchen should be open too, with glass sliding doors for bad weather.

There is an arcade, or covered way round all our buildings. Paved underneath, it is a good place to play in, to sleep in also, a cloister too at certain hours for students.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE GARDEN

THE Nursery-School garden is planned to meet the needs as well as the natural desires of young children.

*Trees.*—These are not merely a joy to the eye. They offer shelter in wet and in sultry weather. At the eastern side of the shelter, trees should be planted. In towns the plane tree seems to be the best of all, its big leaves offering a real curtain to temper the heat of summer. In the playground and along one side of the nursery they should be planted. Limes, mulberry trees and planes appear to do very well in the most crowded district of south-east London.

*Walls.*—One long wall should be kept for fruit trees. If there is no southern aspect left when the children's buildings are up a space of the western wall should serve. Currant and gooseberry bushes, a run of raspberries, and a few apple and pear trees help children to visualise a garden as no flowers can. How often in later life will their thoughts go back to the first garden, which, surely, must be as rich as we can make it.

*Greenhouse.*—This may seem a luxury, but it is needed as a class-room. It can be of very simple construction. Our little camp boys built our greenhouse, and painted it, simple as it is. Plants can be kept that make gay the tables in winter, and it is a good place too, for toddlers to look in at.

*Terraces.*—These are not only beautiful. They are very useful in breaking the force of wind and rain storms. In the sloping stone wall of them rock plants grow, and flowers like the wild convolvulus. The first researches are made at the terrace, where the toddlers embrace the great warm stones in summer, and also seize at times a blossom or even a rooted plant. We must begin researches somehow! The terrace makes the arcade a very sheltered place for the children to run in or to sleep in summer.

*The Herb Garden.*—This is a very useful as well as beautiful part of a Nursery garden. It may be planned in or near the kitchen gardens, and it requires very little care after the seeds are sown. Many herbs are only too apt to grow fast, and take more than their share of space. *Balm* for example will soon overgrow a garden.

Herbs are usually grown for seasoning. We grow them for their scent. Fennel ("You take it with fish," says our gardener), which grows high. Marjoram, thyme, rue, balm, rosemary, mint, can be grown from penny-a-pocket seeds. Rue can be planted safely anywhere without fear of overgrowth.

The children love the herbs. The toddlers press their leaves with their tiny fingers, and come into the shelter smelling their hands. The three-year-olds do the same.

*Kitchen Garden.*—Here vegetables for the table should be grown. Potatoes, cabbages, parsnips, beetroot, parsley, onions, radishes, carrots, rhubarb and marrows. They are needed as part of the children's food, and nothing trains the mind and fills it with wholesome memories better than the carrying out of all this work in their sight, and with their help. Even the toddlers want to help. They follow our gardener, Mrs. Hambleden, down the paths, and into the drills; and very early and without formal teaching of any kind they learn to know the names of the things. "Where is the beetroot?" visitors say, "where are the parsnips?" And the three-year-olds walk to the right bed or point to the right place.

*Apparatus in the Garden.*—This is always very simple, and is often improvised. A student leans a plank for instance against a box or seat, and up this plank our little ones go. At first holding a hand on each side, then letting go one hand, and at last walking up and down alone, always, it is true, watched and prevented, but allowed to go alone!

*Rib-Stall.*—In view of the great uses of stretching and swinging exercises a rib-stall is fixed on a strong part of an outside wall. It should be near

the bath-room. The rungs should be wide and low. Still better is the rib-stall horse. It is made of stout wood poles made in double lines, set apart widely enough to let a child sit astride the top. These things should not be kept on the asphalt, but fixed somewhere in a space of turf, or sand, so that a tumble will not mean anything serious.

*Sand-pits.*—In a large nursery there should be a pit for every section. It should be bordered with wide, low concrete, on which a child can walk easily by balancing. The children should be trained to keep the sand in the pit.

*Jumping-off steps.*—These are wanted so much by little children that they should be put in wherever one can find a place for them—at the end of terraces, and as post stumps near the gates and pits. Some must be very low, and others higher.

*The Rubbish Heap.*—Every child needs a bigger world than the one we are getting ready for him. Our green plots and ordered walks are good and right, but who does not remember that he once liked to play in a big place, where there were no walks at all, and no rules?

Therefore, a Nursery garden must have a free and rich place, a great rubbish heap, stones, flints, bits of can, and old iron and pots. Here every healthy child will want to go; taking out things of his own choosing to build with.

*Shallows.*—If there is no pond in the Nursery-

School garden it is very incomplete, for children love water and will make every effort to reach it. Ours has no pond, but we have hollows scooped in the concrete, and here our riverside children are glad to sail boats, and also to paddle. If a pond can be scooped out in a shady place, and the pond-life watched every day, the educational opportunities of the garden will be doubled.

*A Stretch of Grass for the Toddlers.*—Lawns are not made in a day, but we must try and get some grass for our children. There is no other way but to dig clear, drain and sow a stretch of grass, or to turf a space. The latter method, however, is expensive. We, that is staff and students, with the help of some casual labour, cleared a space for grass near the mulberry tree. It has not been a great success, this lawn of ours, as yet. Though the toddlers play happily we have to trust mainly to the shadowy paths, the arcade, and the waste place near the rubbish heap.

*The Flower Garden.*—Children love a wilderness. So one large plot should be allowed to grow wild but many beautiful things can be planted in it. The flower garden proper may be trim and have pretty edgings. The children's own garden should be a place where they can work without fear or making some disorder. In the rockery and if possible in other places Nature should have her way.

*Tool Shed.*—This shed should be fitted with low

racks and pegs for little spades, sand shovels, pails, rakes, and watering-pots. Over the toddlers' sand-pit there may be pegs and a shelf for pails and sand spades, which are the only garden tools they will be able to handle.

If possible low, wide steps should be built in the Nursery garden, for little people who are learning to go up and down.

## CHAPTER V

### DIET

It is a mistake to think that all "poor" children are under weight and underfed. Some are too heavy. And a good many eat too much, though a great many are, on the other hand, much too light and eat too little.

The remarkable thing about most of the unnurtured is that they eat the wrong kind of food, and at the wrong hours and intervals. There is hardly a toddler who does not appear on the first day loaded with bread-and-butter, or jam or treacle-stick apples; this is not the only cause of rickets, but it is one link in the chain.

Furthermore, the life of many children is so inert and so unwholesome that they do not digest well. This is true of many well-cared-for children behind model dishes in model schools as well as of the poor and neglected. They sit about. They are over-clothed. They do not bathe often or regularly. They do not run and shout in the open. They sleep in stuffy air. They are not interested and are half alive. They sit and move and walk in a state of dull, half-aliveness. Therefore, any

question on diet plus digestion must take in all our life in camp, where, as we can now prove, rickets and anaemia have short shrift and where children, who used to hate wholesome food, get very hearty appetites.

First of all we take away the jam-pieces, and the crumby bags, or in any case arrange that they will not be brought to school any more. The children have breakfast at 9, after the bath. They have dinner at 12, and supper at 4.

Breakfast and supper do not vary much. I get the oatmeal for porridge from A. MacKenzie, King's Mills, Inverness. It outstrips all qualities of meal ever tried, and we have tried a great many ; we have also tried various preparations of oats and cereals, always with the result that the children's weight fell. Oatmeal should not be eaten with sugar. It can be cooked slowly in a bran-box, or chaff-box, but this splendid meal does not require the long boiling needed for inferior grain. It should be slightly salted, and stirred with a wooden spirtle. It should be kept in a dry place and in a wooden box.

If a child cannot eat porridge, he should have slightly toasted brown bread, not new, with good margarine, or butter if we can afford it ! Crusts should be given to all so as to help the teeth and encourage chewing. So crusts must be got ready in the oven. For breakfast and supper our children have milk, and they all get to like it



sooner or later. For supper we give bread and jam as a change from butter, and sometimes stewed fruit, or the remains of a light dish left over from dinner. Raw apples are given as often as possible, and we wish they could be given every day.

The dinner is varied. The same dinner is not given twice in one week, and there are always two courses. Here is the menu for a week.

*Monday.*—Soup made of bone stock and vegetable, also oatmeal. Sometimes this soup is made with lentils and sometimes with barley. Pudding: Milk rice, or cornflour with barley.

*Tuesday.*—Haricot beans and onions with boiled potatoes. Pudding: Stewed rhubarb.

*Wednesday.*—Suet pudding with currants or jam, or treacle, or honey.

*Thursday.*—Soup: Vegetable. Pudding: Macaroni with jam.

*Friday.*—Fish, or hard-boiled eggs, with boiled potatoes.

Out all day in moving air children are always hungry at meal-times, but no food is given between meals. In summer they have fruit from the old mulberry tree, and we give small spoonfuls of orange juice. Also stewed apples at times, and raw apples as often as we can afford them. Fruit and fresh vegetables are needed by everyone, but especially by growing children, and most of all by children of the poorest class in cities. Their

bones are literally starved of mineral salts. They suffer from starvation in the way of nitrogeous food and of all that Nature supplies in green food and fruits. Bread, bread, and always bread in surfeit is their portion. Our fresh vegetables, meal and milk work marvels. Within two years we had registered over 70 cures in rickety children. None, even of the poorest class, who have been two or three years in camp show any trace of this condition. How easy then would it be to make rickets disappear altogether !

## CHAPTER VI

### CLOTHING

IN the bath-room all children drop the livery of poverty and become the kindred of the fairest, the blood brothers of Murillo angels, of the cherubs of Italian masters, and even of the Greek gods. All this happens when clothes are slipped off. Why then do they wear these things ?

Some of these ugly clothes actually leave a *real* mark. The foot suffers early. Nothing is more enchanting than our babies' feet, but it is rare to see an older child who is not more or less flat-footed. Heavy, hard boots encase the delicate little feet, and weigh down the pretty instep. The children have no use for their feet, moreover, save for locomotion. They never touch Mother Earth, the rich Mother whose touch is magnetic, and who gives not only corn and flowers, but currents of new life and wakening thrills. They never run on cool grass, or warm earth, save of course in our own open-air nursery camp. They have no use (for educational purposes) of the lower extremities. In this way people grow dull. In

any case they cut off sources of impressions and life.

We want a firm to undertake the making of soft and properly shaped boots for all children. These need not, as we said, be used in all places at all times and seasons. They are needed in winter. They must be used in all seasons on the pavement. In camp they need not be worn all the year round, and perhaps not at all for six months of the year. This would be a saving in shoe leather and make possible the spending of a little more on better-shaped shoes and boots.

Shops do not as a rule cater for the poor at all, save in the way of making a poor, cheap article that will soon wear out. It is not cheap. It is dear in the long run, but because she is harassed the poor mother has to buy it. That is why Mrs. Glasier Foster has opened the Educraft shop in Evelyn Street, Deptford. No boot-shop of the same order is yet to be found in Deptford.

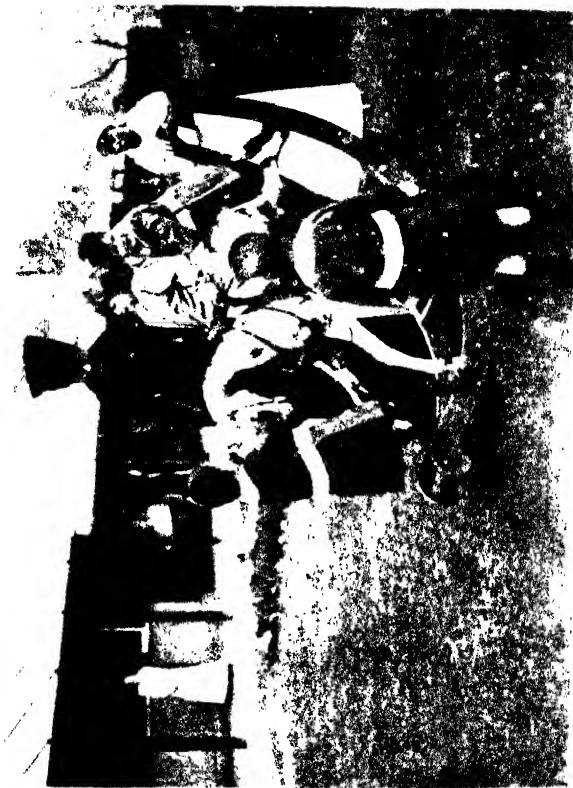
The need grows ever more urgent. As long as children were huddled away in big classes and in huge schools it did not matter so much what they wore. But in the Camp School clothes matter a great deal. They must, in winter, be warm. They must, in summer, be fair and light. They must always be clean, for on most days the sun flood is there exposing everything and the garden is gay with flowers. We have to get things that

will lift the children of the gods sheer out, of the gutter. And how are we to get them? Vests,<sup>1</sup> knickers, stockings, pinafores, frocks, coats, overalls. Who is to do this work for thousands and tens of thousands without insulting the pride and love of mothers?

Here are the mothers' own daughters standing by, like Miriam, and ready with help. Elder sisters can do the work without begging anything from "charity"! They are doing it now. Miss Cole, Headmistress of Westbury Council School, Barking, sets her girls to work, and lo! in a short time we had woollen vests and woollen stockings for a hundred little ones. Nothing daunted they next tackled the whole question of little boys' clothing, and soon we had shirts and knickers, and practical brown overalls trimmed with holland cuffs and belt. If anyone doubts the power of a ten or twelve-year-old girl to turn out smart kits under a good teacher, they may care to look at the photograph of a group of our boys taken with Queen Mary. There is, of course, no embroidery on the boys' overalls.

The dressing of our little girls is another matter, but the school girl tackles that also. Here the Headmistress turns to the specialist, and the

<sup>1</sup>Jerseys are very useful even for the youngest children. They keep the arms and chest warm and there is no trouble with buttons and fastenings. All our babies wore them in winter, and also little hoods. Thus covered they were out in all dry weathers.



G EEN MARY'S VISIT TO THE SCHOOL



specialist is with us in the person of Miss Helen Swales, once the embroideress at a West End shop, but now ready to put her gifts at the service of the people's children. The materials used are strong, durable, fast-dyed Sundour, natural cloth, Wincey, serge, calico, just the kind of goods a poor woman needs, the goods that last and are not deceiving. Above all the manufacturer of Sundour, Morton of Carlisle, offers a wonderful boon to mothers. He is in sympathy with the new movement, and is prepared to give his cloths at a reasonable figure, but above all to supply only the best. Into this material Miss Swales and her helpers put fine work, knowing it is not going to be torn or faded in a week. Nothing is put on, moreover, tha' is not good solid sewing with fadeless stout cotton in fine dyes. Nothing is made that cannot be put often into the wash tub, and that does not stand hard wear.

The Camp colour is blue, the radiant blue of the summer sky, but we do not regiment even with that. The artists are not afraid of colour. Soft greys stitched with mauves or reds, hollands edged with blue or rose, hollands slashed with green and orange and scarlet, darker garments embroidered with blue, white even, for gala afternoons. No two garments are alike, and each appears to have something gay and brave in it. Yet the cut is always smart. There is no suggestion of freakishness or dowdiness, and none of mere lapse into



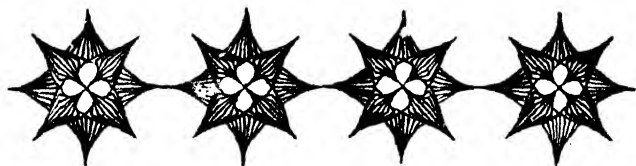
peasant forms all out of harmony with the Strange New Spirit.

Readers who care to see the style of dress should read Mrs. Glasier Foster's book on *Educraft Needlework*, and Margaret Swanson's *Educational Needlecraft*, published by Longman.

The child form does not vary with the fashion of dressing. Limbs free, skirts short and loose, with embroidery in the right place (this is always under the neck, and near the wrist and also perhaps at the seams). Miss Swanson and Mrs. Foster are at one on these points.

The latter has swung far from the peasant embroideries of many lands. She has gone "back to Nature" for the evolution of all her designs and patterns. "I begin to draw," says the writer of *The New Needlecraft*, "but I do not know what will come. Only I know that I must keep my lines straight!" Thus from the beginning, the element of Revelation is not driven out. Wonder is allowed to break through the very humblest work. The writer, or embroiderer, does not always know whether she is going to evolve a curve or a petal. Here are a few of the first lines (for seams) and designs (for embroidery).

Nothing can exceed the joy of the little ones in getting into their pretty clothes! "It is like going to a party every morning," cried one child, and this is quite true. The teacher-nurses themselves are nearly as gay as the children, and they



have made their own contribution to get the best results. One teacher—she has charge of the three and four-years-old—has a great stock of ribbons, and also of hemmed and embroidered linen strips for tying up hair. She loves to turn out her children well. The hair must shine like silk, the teeth must shine like little pearls, the nails must shine like shells. Ribbon and pinafore must match, and the foot-gear, when shoes or boots have to be worn, must shine also, so as not to spoil the pretty toilette. Nothing can be prettier than the sortie from the bath-room on a June morning. The children are at last in harmony with Nature's own scheme, gay as the butterflies or the blossoms that greet the sun.

It is strange to see how quickly and how completely even the poorest children get used to pretty clothes. These are the symbol of new life. They make one realise oneself a part of the new order. How hard to be thrust out again. There is only one sad moment in our school day. It comes at 5.30 or thereabouts when the children lay aside their pretty school clothes and go back to the old clothes, laid aside and forgotten all day. Of course we do not all have this experience. The well-to-do child merely doffs her pinafore; but many, alas! have to disrobe in earnest. The lights go out then in more senses than one. At six o'clock our school is not the school of an hour ago. Again we are poor children, and the shadow falls on us as we

pass out, unrecognisable almost as the children of the day and of the garden.

It is true that all the labour and effort to raise the standard is not lost. Few or none of our children will come back dirty, while a few years ago and less, seventy-five per cent. were verminous. We should not record this, we should forget it. But the heavy duty is laid on us to tell all, to hide nothing, so that all can be remedied.

Formerly we did not change the clothes on Saturday. Then some children were dressed prettily in clothes they had bought, but others had only the old rags. They saw the gulf open again on Saturday as they looked at others and then down at their poor worn clothing. "Come here, Winifred," we called once to a tall girl standing in a path behind the roses. But she looked down at her sordid boots and worn clothing and shook her head. Surely this dull, half-strangled shame and pain should be taken away now, once and for all. Here as in everything, it is the magic of love that finds the way. The Educraft shop would be a mere place to sell goods at a profit if it stopped here. It will not stop here. Standard kits are made at the lowest cost and of the prettiest style and colour, and these are sold to parents, who buy by instalments of 2d., 3d., or 6d. a week. In a few months the home-dressing should draw abreast of the school-dressing. The heavy woollen caps and hood, the heavy winter coats our little ones

used to wear on June mornings, the ugly mufflers—went. The hard and dreadful boots should go. Already we see a few children trip out of an evening looking as much like children of the day as possible, and on one recent morning in June the school gave us a delicious shock. It came back clean and radiant, almost like a school of the West End; Monday morning had the grace of Sunday! The clothes were not fragile, however, like the cheap laces and secondhand silks of yesterday.



DESIGN FOR  
EMBROIDERY

## CHAPTER VII

### WHAT TO DO FOR A TODDLER

IN the Toddlers' Camp we have young girls. They have some good qualifications for the work. They talk, they sing, they dance, they are young and happy.

The toddler begins his day with a bath. The student-nurse talks to him: "This is our shoe; we will take it off! And our stockings! O, see what a lot of little funny things—toes! A big one, that is the mother, and one-two-three-four children." The girl chatters on merrily and the little one listens and at last makes sounds too, and this is the way to learn the English language.

In the water he is busy. He fills the sponge, he tries to wring it. He lets the water pour through his fingers, and the nurse laughs, and plays with him, which is almost as important as the giving of the bath.

Meantime, the nurse is not only a merry girl—she is a student, and working under a head-mistress. She will observe first:

The circumference of the head.

The width of the chest.

The length of the limbs.

The condition of the skin.

The state of the muscles.

The doctor and head-mistress will have a fuller record. If there is anything gravely wrong they will know it. They will have noted the presence of rupture, or traces of infantile paralysis, or rickets, or adenoids. And the student will know how to observe these ailments also, under supervision. But as I have said already, our toddlers have so little wrong with them, and are treated so promptly, that they offer a poor field indeed for pathological observation. She will keep a record however, and weigh her child weekly on the scales.

Let us look at this little man in his bath ! As a matter of fact, he is *not* a little man at all. His proportions are not those of an adult. The head is very large (the student will measure it round the forehead, and also the length from the back to the chin). The body is long in proportion to the legs. The student must take the chest measurement and the limb measurements, say once a month. And from these she will learn something about his progress, and also about the stage of life at which he has arrived.

The brain is still growing. It is, therefore, in a very susceptible state. No strain can be put on it. He is busy learning, but as yet and for a long time he learns mainly not by thinking but

by experiencing, that is through the sympathetic system.

The student will get to know many things: she will know when he makes the conquest of a new word: when he tries, for example, to put on his own shoe, when he begins to wash his own face, and even his own hands, and to all this she leads him on as she talks to him in the bath and in the dressing-room.

A toddler's hair is lovely. With soap and water and a soft brush we keep it lovely. The scalp should be softly rubbed or brushed as well as the hair. The teeth must be washed, up and down, and across, and the brush, after being rinsed put in the rack set out in the sun to dry. And our toddlers will try to do this, and will put the brush in the rack.

The toddler should wear a soft vest, loose knickers and bodice, and in summer an overall. He need not have stockings or socks and shoes on all the year round, but in winter the legs should be covered by woollen stockings or gaiters.

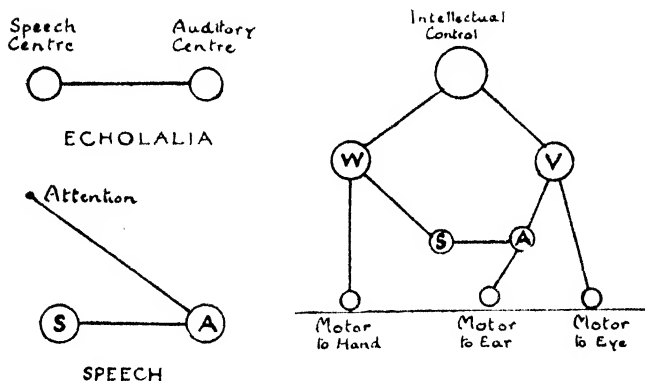
Toddlers are always trying to get hold of the new world they are in, and all their waking life is spent, when they are well, in doing this. There are ways of helping him and here are some of them.

*Walking.*—We take our toddlers in at one year old. At that age some cannot walk. Some try to walk, and the student is glad to help them. She knows that it must be a great moment for



the little creature, that in which he takes his first breathless steps, and we do not desire to hurry or to delay this moment. For if we hurry we do mischief, but if we delay too long the child's body grows too heavy for his legs, and then the great weight falling on the weak leg muscles may induce bandylegs.

*Speech.*—A little child's babble means nothing



but nonsense to the ignorant. To the more enlightened it means a great deal—nothing more or less than the awakening and functioning of the motor speech centre which is setting in motion the muscle-controlling centres on both sides of the brain. At first he makes sounds that are almost simple reflex actions, but soon the auditory centre sets up a connection with the speech centre.

Kathleen, standing with Tommy on the drying

table, talks to him, "Button, button!" or even "Button my shoe!" Sometimes a little phrase comes out quite new and fresh. Delighted, Kathleen repeats it. Perhaps he does nothing of the kind; he says a word that tells how another road is tunnelling itself out in Tommy's brain—that is the attention centre which controls the lower centres.

Tommy at fifteen months old is mainly in the imitative stage, pure and simple, when one repeats or *echoes* what is said without troubling about meaning. This is called *echolalia* and sometimes lasts a long while, but it will not last long in Tommy, who is very intelligent.

The infant in crying uses vowels, but the first words, such as *ma-ma*, *pa-pa*, *ta-ta* are consonants before vowel sounds. They are doubled nearly always. Tommy calls his nurse *na-na* and sometimes with ardour *na-na-na*, tripling the sound. That is how he practises. Wise people say he shouldn't practise. He goes on and learns fast.

In what order should the sounds be learned? There is no rule that binds all cases, but progress is usually from without inward. Thus we begin with the labials:

Labials	p, b,
and go on to Dentals	dz,
Linguals	l, r,
Gutturals	g, k, ch,
the Sibilants	s, c,
and Nasal sounds	m, n,

F and V require a movement by the lower lip, drawing up under the front teeth.

Formerly it was believed that we should teach little children to say big words like adults. Now we know that this is not natural or reasonable; a child who says "gee-gee" instead of a horse is simplifying things so as to make his task possible. If we want to help a toddler we must begin where *he* begins and follow him in the path along which Nature is leading him. Encourage him to say his labials well and with energy, and even to shout them as well as double and triple them, which he does with great delight. Bo-bo, Ba-ba, Ta-ta he calls out and later Button, Bud, Big, Bat. It is of course useless to give these as drills, but many occasions arise in the course of a day to exercise him in labials and in other sounds which should be taken in the order which is marked out by the special powers or weakness of the little creature. And even this order cannot be laid down absolutely, for in nothing do little children vary more than in speech development. Some begin by gutturals, others with linguals—roughly speaking "th" and "f" remain faulty in older children to-day, while "l" and "r" are badly used by most town children. "V" and "W" used to be more generally confused in Dickens' day than they are now.

By movements of the lip upward and other gymnastics practised in schools, teachers as well

as nurses have done a great deal to help children to say "f" and "v." Every case, however, is a separate study and sometimes we have a child who needs no help other than that offered by good example.

*Habits.*—In the forming of new habits our toddlers have shown all the responsiveness of a human nervous system. How far this can go, how responsive they can be we did not know till we tried the effect of regular clock-work habits. All the toddlers are clean and regular in their habits. All go to sleep at the right moment. They are *obstinate* in doing things now at the right time. If his bed is not ready at 12.45 Billie will sleep on the table or floor.

*Table-Manners.*—These may be made perfect. The toddlers are glad and proud to eat nicely, to hold the spoon well, and spill nothing, to make no crumbs, to say "Ta" after being helped, and to pass things to one another. They do all this every day. They do it well.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A WINTER'S DAY IN THE TODDLERS' CAMP

IN order to show the opportunities that arise all the time, I may be allowed to describe here in parenthesis a winter day in the Toddlers' Camp.

It is a day to test the camp—a bitter day in mid-January. Yesterday a cruel fog hung over the streets and clouded even the garden and meadow. To-day the cold is bitter, but the fog has lifted. Clammy drops no longer fringe the eaves. On the new lawn with its privet border, where the stark old mulberry tree raises his arms against the rosy ball of the sun, sparrows have come and gone all the morning, chirruping and fluttering over the new turned earth, now covered by a light fall of snow.

Inside the shelter it is warm and bright. The blue bath-room door is drawn back slowly, for it is 8.30 and all the toddlers will soon be out from the bath.

There are twenty-five of them, ranging in age from twenty months to two and a half years old. Already a little golden head appears in the doorway, and a pair of grave blue eyes looks down the

wide empty room, with its shining floor. A rosy gas fire burns in each of the stoves, but it is turned low, for strange as it may appear, the shelter is warm. It is January, but here it is never very cold, never damp or chill, and the little one in the doorway is warm and glowing. He gazes out at the shelter, and then over the damp garden where the birds are talking, advancing at last with slow steps. Then folding two tiny arms on the top he leans over the low gateway. He looks at the red sun hanging in the sky, and at the bare mulberry tree and dreams. . . . Two, three little heads appear at the doorway and soon the whole nursery of toddlers are in the shelter. They have their breakfast of milk and then the day's work begins. Some run to the cupboards, some linger at the low lattice that runs along between floor and path. Their faces glow with health, but they are a little quieter than usual this morning. The teacher, the head of this section, comes out of the bath-room. She seats herself quietly in a big low chair and nearly all the children run to her. Harold, the oldest boy, goes to a big cupboard and brings out a toy. I have time to note his beautifully shaped head, and grave quiet face. He looks at me from under level brows with his earnest eyes, and only after a little encouragement does he come forward and show his toy. It is a tiny train and he has fastened a string to the engine.

“ Does it run ? ”

No answer. Harold puts down the toy, draws it a little way, and comes back, waiting.

"Have you seen the big train at the station?"

"No."

He is quiet then, but suddenly the blue eyes lighten and the face grows rapt and eager. He puts his hand on the top of the engine.

"No 'moke," says the grave lips in a whisper.

A little dark fairy (aged two or thereabouts) dances up with a doll in her arms. It is Rebecca, our Jewish child, whose mother brings her every morning all the way from Stepney. Her graceful, little body, dark eyes, sparkling and intelligent, and her dark pale face stand out in any group. Dressed in warm knitted wool from neck to ankle, and neck to wrist, she is a reminder of the strong mother instinct that has brought the Jewish race through so many troubles.

"Mine dolly," she says, holding out a doll she has dressed. "Nice, nice baby," she adds, pulling its bonnet straight.

Near the gateway, with tearful face, stands the new child, Edith. A great gulf divides her from all the others, and the cause of this great difference is plain to be seen. Poor Edith is uneducated, whereas all the others have undergone a long, serious, and wonderful course of experience—mostly happy but not altogether free of efforts and unpleasantness—which has opened the silent doors of a new world to them. They obey mysterious

inhibitions, they follow paths that poor Edith's feet refuse as yet to tread. She will not play, she stands alone, turning away from the smiles and caresses of the young girl students in the bath-room. To-morrow it will be different, she will not refuse the new things offered. This is Edith's first day.

The head teacher of the toddlers sits in the middle of a large group. She is a trained and certificated teacher, and here, in this room for very little people, she still trains and teaches all day long, but in new ways which she has had to learn. She talks, and she listens also. Once when a group of toddlers runs to her suddenly, and begins to "talk" to her eagerly, putting their little hands on her knees and fixing their eyes on her face, she gives herself up entirely to listening. They have been looking into the fish tank where there are newts. They try hard, without any words hardly, to tell her about this new thing, and she understands and sympathises. "Fith! Fith!" cries a child of two years old, who lives a full and crowded life of a morning: "Fith! Ted saw!" Tommy, who had escaped into the garden and there gathered stones, comes to her with his clean pinafore full of wet things, which he proceeds later to throw on the floor in the ardour of experimental research. How are children to learn the properties of matter save by experience? The stones are always put back in place.



This little world is a kind of mirror of the bigger world outside. It is not all swept or garnished and made ready and perfect in every way. Here, for example, is an exhibition of wantonness. Before a great cupboard full of toys sits a new child, Terence. He picks from the great pile of things one toy after another and flings it down again. His distressed face shows that he has no real pleasure in any of them. He is a pale and very fretful newcomer !

All the children are playing. Some are wheeling carts. Some are building. The head mistress has found a great ball as big as a football which was made by her mother in the Christmas holidays. It is made of pieces of velvet, silk, calico, satin, wincey, leather, and the little ones try to name some of the materials. They do not try to name things long, but they handle the ball for a long time, hiding it, throwing it and catching it, rubbing their small faces against it, and later teacher gives out smaller balls of wool and cotton and india-rubber.

Tommy, the beautiful little fifteen-months old boy with soft dark eyes, full of shadow and mystery, loves only two toys : his ball and stones. As we have said, he has a passion for stones. He gathers them outside. He hoards them in a big bag. He ranges them on the floor and holds them tightly to his heart. He throws them at other children also, but always in the way of research, not un-

kindness. This passion for stones lasts out for a lifetime in many people, and was very keen in the North and West of Scotland, as well as in Ireland, where there were many sacred stones and amulets and mystery-stones.

It is snowing fast. The ground is white and the children pause, and even run to the fence to watch the great white flakes. The arcade is dry yet with its low roof hanging over like an umbrella, and the children stand watching, watching, with lax muscles, in that state of reverie which we note in them every day, and which is becoming to us a condition as well defined and deserving of respect as sleep.

On the white shelf of the cupboards, near a musical box, Victor is sitting. He is our oldest toddler—nearly three, and very musical. A stodgy-looking dark little lad with a very steep back to his head, and a rather sullen mouth, he melts and lives for and answers to one thing—music. When the record is fixed he sits rapt, while the sweet notes flow out over the big shelter. Victor will not run or play while he can listen. He sits still. He rubs his small hands. He gazes longingly at the box. Harold gathers up his trains and walks up to look contemplatively, not at the musical box, but at Victor.

It is impossible to doubt that this nursery is unique in its opportunities, in its variety and interest. It is so large that there is no crowding

and no haste, yet it presents a much larger field for choice and initiative than a private room could offer to any mere family group. And although there is free play, yet training and teaching are going on not only every hour but every moment.

All the games are brought to an end when a sudden burst of sunshine transfigures the camp. The sky opens like a great blue flower, birds chirrup in the privet hedge, and the children run out, helter-skelter, with shouts of joy. Up the arcade they run, deaf to the voice of the young girls at the bath-room window, away, away, obeying a voice more urgent than theirs, with little cries, and hurrying feet.

Something happens at the memorial room gate. There a class of older children are dancing to music, and the room is all alight with gay little forms moving in harmony. How they dance—these big ones! And this music! Victor grips the fence tightly, and the long row of toddlers form in a line and lean over the top bar, which is nearly as high as their shoulders. They stand entranced, still as a picture. A young girl calls them: “Belle! Charlie! Harold! Victor!” No answer.

“Nay, let them look if they want to,” says the Yorkshire teacher who is their Head. “Don’t waken them. Let them be.”

Don’t waken them! Is this sleep then, this long, quiet, absorbed watching of the little children? It is like sleep in its vague absorp-

tion, its helpless abandonment. It is the reverie of those who still feel mainly through the sympathetic system, that great central motor tramway route, as Séguin called it, of the nervous system. On this great route most of the traffic of life is still done. It is a route that is well beaten out, and broad, and safe, and yet the traffic is heavy.

After tea on this same day Victor began to sing the new song, Margaret danced the new dance as a kind of aside. Rose learnt some of the words. It was a surprise. No one had taught them. Gently as the bud bursts, as the leaf opens without any kind of programme, by a process we cannot even trace, so rapid is it and so still, this was done. It is thus little children learn one language, or it may be two (for two are learned not as a task of double strain, but by the same quiet movement and process). It is thus they learn to walk, to handle and to hold, to take possession of a new world without formal lessons. To understand and give the right atmosphere and opportunities—that is our task.

It is a quarter to twelve o'clock. The children come flocking back into the shelter bath-room and the before-dinner ritual starts. It starts at the same hour, at the same moment every day, and every sensitive little nervous system learns to know this, to expect it and form habits that are fixed a little better every day. Here is the right

field for routine, here in the basement of the nerve structure. When the children troop out at twelve they are made ready for the next event, ready with clean hands and nails and faces, and eager to fetch bibs (though we cannot tie them on yet), to carry mugs or spoons (though we cannot set tables yet like the older children).

Now we are seated at the low table. It is a pretty sight. Charlie, a two-year old, who has been with us all his life, sits at the top of his table, the sunlight glinting on the soft curls. His dark eyes shine with happiness and he clasps his hands and looks joyfully at the great tureen and plates on the side table, and then out into the garden. "More ! More !" he calls out, addressing himself not so much to the teacher-nurses as to the whole scheme of nature.

The children are served. They have already had a long course of manual training. These little hands that will soon draw and paint and model are already far on the road to all these arts, for, though they do not yet handle a pen, they handle a spoon perfectly. One little hand is kept below the board. With the other the toddlers proudly hold and use the spoon. Sometimes it is the right hand and sometimes it is the left. The left hand is used quite as much in the shelter as the right. What a child does with one hand he is trained also to do with the other. The children eat cleanly and slowly. (Only little Edith, the

newcomer, a stranger here. eats anyhow, will not say "thank-you," or even "ta," will not pass anything, cannot even use her spoon.) Yet for all the ritual is so well learned, the natural joy of life is not dimmed here, nor even restrained. Charlie, grave and observant, when the first helpings are given, grows more and more radiant as his own turn draws nigh, and shouts like an enraptured cherub over his good dinner.

After dinner there is toilette drill again, and at 12.30 twenty-five little people are tucked into twenty-five little stretcher beds. The screens are drawn over a little, for the winter wind is rising, and flurries of rain lash the sodden terrace and dark flower beds. The children sleep calmly, the tranquil sleep of returning or established health. Not a cry, not a murmur from the toddler beds. Even if as in the case of Tommy, sleep does not come at once, rest comes, and the bright dreamy eyes scan the roof with its open gables, and the swinging branches of the trees by the garden wall. Then suddenly the dark eyes close. The nurses will have a pause in their busy day for two hours or more.

. . . . .

Getting up time is not sudden or sharp. It is a gradual process, wakening, in a nursery. The older children open their eyes first as a rule, but sometimes we get a child who sorely needs sleep, and he is allowed to sleep on. What can we

give to these fast-growing brains that is better than rest? We look at the calm little faces, and the meaning of these tender words comes to us with a new power: "He giveth His beloved sleep."

At three the nursery is astir. Our Yorkshire teacher is telling a story. Kathleen, our Yorkshire girl, is dancing, to the delight of some toddlers who are joining in. She sings and beats time with her hands and they beat time also. Another student is making toast at the fire, surrounded by a group of little people all eager to help. They *do* help. They take hold of blunt knives, and try to spread butter. They cut toast, they carry plates, and range the slices on them. Near another fire a young artist-girl student sits caressing Teddy, who comes always reluctantly back from the world of dreams. With what tenderness does this girl draw the little one back to waking life, plunging herself into the dim dream atmosphere with him, and how he clings to her as to a raft floating in on a tide. "My Teddy always call her when he wakes in the night," said a grateful mother. "He useter wake crying. Now, never."

Victor is awake now. Also Moses, Ted, Bobbie and Christopher, and no one but the heaviest sleeper can fail to hear the noise they make, as two of them charge up the shelter, drawing two little ones after them in a train, while the rest bring up the rear in a two-wheeled car. The snow

has stopped. The red sun is *vestering*, and the more boisterous children are sent out to run along the covered way and back.

Supper is served at 4, and at 4.30, when the short dark winter day is closing in, the shelters begin to glow in the darkness. No shadow must fall on the camp. It is the hour when in well-to-do houses children come down to mother. Here they flock round the nurses and listen to them. They play with and sing to them—and not all in one language. Soon on our staff we shall have a young girl from France, and she will sing the songs that used to be sung in Avignon in the time of the Popes, the gay, bright songs of our neighbour nation. We do not think this will “spoil our English.” We think it will improve it.

Clothes are changed at 5 and at 5.30 the children troop away, fetched by older children as a rule. The Nursery-School is not yet a part of the home. We dream of happier endings to the winter days. Meantime, not only mothers, but fathers also, and, indeed, all the workmen and soldiers of our district appear to take an interest in our camp. The workmen stop in their hurried walks to look in. Above all the soldier fathers come again and again. One of them, wounded to death in France, asked that his children might be sent back to the Camp. Again and again we have had heartening words from the trenches. “Hold on!” writes one, “this thing has come to stay.”



One of our children, Florence, learns fast. Her father came home from France on leave. "I'm blest," he said, "if she didn't speak French to me. I gave her a penny and she up and said 'Merci !' You could have knocked me down with a feather. And me just left France where I felt a fool not knowing the language."

## CHAPTER IX

### THE THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLDERS

THE life of the three to four-year-olders varies a good deal from that of the toddlers. The great desire for movement, and the impulse to touch and handle, are not less noticeable in the older children, but they find new ways of gratifying these desires. The shelter is planned so as to provide opportunities.

There are small tables here round which little groups can sit, and many of these, as we have seen, have a writing surface, so that the children can write just as they speak, not in one set lesson but at any hour of the day or moment when they have something to express by writing ; and there is more—blackboards down the walls of the shelter. The toys are different, and there are play-houses and specimen cupboards, and the pictures are somewhat different. All the shelves nearly are low, and the things on such a level that little people can handle them and dust them.

At first we thought we would have a time-table, but we have given it up. We have a programme, and the hours are fixed for all big events like dinner, sleep, play and work, but our play and work lost

so much force and interest by being snipped into little sections that at last after some hesitation we gave up the snipping altogether, and allowed ourselves to be interested in things.

We begin the day in every section by bathing and dressing. The children over three and under five have their own bath-room and shelter, while those over five are in the camp-school opposite, and have their baths, etc. But the ritual for both is the same, though the older children do the work more rapidly and more easily than the younger ones.

*Bathing and Dressing as hand-work.*—It is strange to note how “hand-work” has become more and more an academic subject and, after much tacking about, has crystallised into a large group of occupations. Some of these are of great educational value, such as modelling; and others, such as pin-pricking and drawing from prick to prick, are of little value, and are even harmful to young eyes and young nerves. What one notes first of all is that hand-work is taken in a number of ways that are not related to the children’s own workaday life, though they doubtless played a great part in the life of bygone races. Basket-making, bead-threading, pottery, weaving belong to this group.

Of recent years new apparatus has been added—tying drill boards, buttoning boards, lacing boards, all that Séguin invented for his poor defective

children, and refinements of these. All these are useful, but the great opportunities of life come in living so as to do as much as possible for oneself and others, and children can begin all this work by dressing or helping to dress and undress themselves, and by doing everyday things in the nursery.

Our children enter the bath and there, as a rule, we find how helpless, weak and uneducated are their poor little hands. They sit down and splash a little, or stand idly with limp arms waiting for someone to come and help them. And I have sat in committees of really able educationists who said it was no part of a highly-trained teacher's work to go and help them in this case.

It is forgotten that this limp hand has a brain centre, that indeed it has not one but many. A large part of the brain is involved in this limpness. These centres like all the others are developed *by use*, and their waking is not even a local event. It is something that makes a stir all around and far away. How we persist in thinking, even after we have learned better, that these are all water-tight, and also that some should be the care of underpaid nursery maids and ignorant people. Séguin developed the intelligence of an imbecile by simple and mechanical arm and hand movements, so that, after a while, the poor empty eyes and fallen jaw and wretched hanging head became the head and face of a boy who looks almost normal ! 'It is high time that our best teachers should apply

the teachings of physiology in the bath-room and dressing-room and look upon these as what they are—great class-rooms, full, offering, not mere apparatus but something better, that is *opportunity*.

There are twenty-six movements involved in the common task of washing, and another twenty or so in dressing, and our children of five on entrance cannot make five, in some cases, out of the forty-six! Yet they should make them all at the age of three, and be as expert at five in them as in walking, moving or jumping. And they would be glad to learn.

At first one has to take hold of the neglected hand as Séguin took hold of an imbecile's hand or arm, to flatten the palm, to place the wash-rag, to rub the soap on and show the child that he must not then (as he nearly always does on entrance) allow it to slip into the warm water.

He begins of course with the face. (Left to himself he may start with the feet.) And in patiently trying to get him to wash, one is struck by the beauty and variety of the movements we have to make. The arch of the eye, the curve of the ear, the backward movement behind the ear, and the strong circular movement round the neck. We do all on the blackboard in drawing and call it a lesson. We do it in the bath-room and call it getting clean. We swing circles on the blackboard; now we swing them on the chest with soap and then with water, and draw hard rubbing lines

down the limbs with smaller circular movements at the knee. The swinging movements of the torso in and the upward movement from the shoulder and below the arms, the strong movements involved in washing the hair and rubbing the scalp, and the many finer movements involved in cleansing nails, hands, and at last the feet, the lifting of one foot and another, and arm movements, the exercising under the shower, accompanied, as it always is, with shouts of laughter, the first shock of the cold shower and the new pride every day in one's power to face it—all these are not only useful for health. They mean experience of the great massive exercises and sensations, many of which occur in minor forms in other lessons, but never with the same fulness, and never with such a rich volume of incoming and outgoing life.

The tooth-washing and hair-brushing are done by the children, but are overlooked.

On coming out of the bath, our children above toddlerdom, that is three years old and over, have to dress. At first the three-year-old can hardly be coaxed to pick up any garment. When he does so he holds it wrong way up. After a time of patient work he pulls on a vest, and then looks helplessly at knickers and stockings. He has to learn to balance, to place the knicker or bodice right way up, to put one limb in and then another. Stockings take time, he has to learn to pull; to learn the use of the brush and comb takes a long

time. But after making dabs at the hair for weeks, the four-year-old can brush the hair more or less and handle a comb. Here is a picture of a child putting on his shoe, drawn by his youthful nurse.



CHILD PUTTING ON SHOE

There are drills for lacing, button-fastening and the tying of laces. Many years ago I made cardboard slits with tapes across and used them to teach the fastening and lacing of boots. This kind of apparatus is very useful. Far more important is the daily need for putting off and on boots and stockings. This work has to be

done in camp at least four times every day, and in winter it may have to be done much oftener. Every child over three *should do it himself*. Sometimes one sees a school where children take the afternoon sleep with their boots on. The reason they do this (and it cannot be a very good thing for the beds or for the comfort of the sleepers) is that it would take too long for the staff or the children to put the boots off and on! A confession of failure.

Opposite is a picture of two of the children in the bath.

In every out-door nursery school there is work to be done, and the children should do as much of



CHILDREN IN THE BATH

this work as possible. Certain morning tasks are given to everyone. The feeding of the rabbits and birds, dusting, watering and the arranging



of flowers or changing of water in pots and pans.

Also some have to go the round of the garden and pick up every piece of waste paper and rubbish that spoils the order of the place. My dear sister used to go the rounds with children every morning. Outside, the street was dreadfully littered.

## CHAPTER X

### MORNING WORK

#### *Lesson on Rhythm and Breathing taken with Children from four to seven.*

BREATHING is itself a great rhythm, and it has been weakened and troubled in so many. Our teacher looks at her new pupils. Some are inclined to get rigid. Their faces are apt to freeze. Their movements are awkward and timid. They smile and their eyes are fixed.

Her first lesson is one to restore breathing.

1. The children lie on the floor. They wear no stiff or tight band ; the feet are shod in soft shoes, or in summer they are bare-footed. They lie quiet, and the teacher speaks to them gently and gaily. Then she asks them to close the lips, take a deep breath and breathe out quietly. She goes round to each little figure, and laying her hand lightly on the chest shows them how to breathe in the right way, using the diaphragm, letting the large muscles get free and move. The children do this exercise five or six times.

2. They learn to walk. This is not done by

telling them to "keep straight." Or to "keep the arms down." They have to learn at first to do two things which are very easy, and very pleasant ; and yet they, poor children ! have been forgetting how to do these easy and pleasant things, that is, how to *relax*, and how to use the *large* muscles. They have to learn how to hold the head up, not by stiffening the muscles, but by leaning the head back comfortably, how to relax the arms, how to walk from the big thigh muscles, without stiffening the leg, and in order to do this certain *moral* events have to come about. *They must cease to feel any fear or anxiety.* The teacher counts, with a slight emphasis on the first beat, *one—two—one—two.* And the circle of children swings off, walking as they, perhaps, never walked before, freely, lightly, merrily.

3. *Walking on Tiptoe.*—"You are fairies," says the teacher, and they walk on tiptoe as lightly as possible. At first many of the children can hardly balance themselves at all, and one notes that the instep has fallen through lack of exercise.

4. The teacher now sits down to the piano and asks the children to keep very still. When they are all very quiet, and *listening*, she strikes a sweet chord, which seems to vibrate somehow through the loosened, sensitive little bodies, bodies that have long been misused, or swaddled, or stiffened unnaturally. "March now," says the teacher, "loud with one foot, softly with the other. One,

two." She plays a very simple march, and counts with their singing. This is the end of the first lesson. Already, at the end of it, the children have new memories of marching. They are full of wonder that the new lesson brought freedom, and very soon this pleasant memory is going to be deepened and multiplied a hundredfold. Only *every lesson* begins by breathing in the new way, a way which will soon become habitual as we dance, and shout, and jump and run in the garden.

### *Second Lesson*

At first we do not know even our own little bodies, and cannot tell the right foot from the left, or one hand from the other.

1. We march to music.
2. We run to music.
3. We run, first loudly with full steps.
4. We run lightly on tiptoe.

5. We run loudly when the music is loud, then lightly when the music is soft. In order to do this it is necessary not only to march or run but *to listen*. Here then we break into a new exercise, and the effect is seen in Ruby's brightening eyes and in Fanny's eager face. The latter is a graceful little dark creature of five. She is overjoyed that life has suddenly opened into a new garden for her. Hitherto her natural grace and gaiety were all neglected and useless; now she expands. Her dark eyes overflow with happiness.

Apart from the two factors of intensity and of quality that distinguish sensation there is another factor, *feeling or sentiment*. This is called by Wundt, the *tone* of the sentiment. Not every sensation has tone or feeling. Most of our children have been having *toneless* sensation in school, and that is why they appear dull. Pleasure and displeasure are states that pass one to the other across a point where neither is in evidence. In certain exercises, such as those cited here, the teacher sets swinging a kind of pendulum that passes and repasses this inert point with glowing energy. This is one reason why the lesson has great value.

### *Third Lesson*

The breathing lessons now include nose-breathing. In order to see that the nose is quite clear, the teacher may test it by a lighted match held well away from the nose. All the handkerchief drills which go on in the toddlers, and other camps are finding their uses here as we proceed to go further and further in defining the functions of a nose !

2. Marching with *Arm-Movements*. The children now begin to march to music, making a very simple arm movement as in other drills, up, down, up, down, in time with the steps.

Three Movements. Here two arm movements are introduced. For example. Arms forward,

up—out. Forward, up—out. This offers surprisingly little difficulty to children after the first two or three lessons.

4. The teacher sits down to the piano and plays nursery rhymes, the children singing. "Little Bo-Peep," "Cock-a-doodle-doo, My dame has lost her shoe," "Hickery, dickery, dock," "The north wind doth blow," etc., etc., and the lessons now end always with this singing, the children dancing also and even acting the song, but without actual training or teaching to begin with.

At first and for some weeks it is not easy to measure the progress of every child. They are reticent of new-found power. They seem to hide it away at first. In the first days they would not follow the songs, and I believed they did not know the words, but when I started to say a line or two, and forgot what came next a chorus of voices helped, and finished the verse correctly, one dark-eyed little girl leading the others.

\* \* \* \* \*

The work now drops into three sections. Gymnastics, music, speech.

In so far as the first of these is concerned it divides itself into two parts, the part which gives the power of control, or obedience in response, and as the counterpart of this, liberty.

The work recalls the writing and drawing lessons in that it encourages large swinging movements from the hip and shoulder. Henceforward the child

will run and walk and dance with his whole body. His laugh will not be a mere grin leaving the upper face rigid. The music, the response, the joy of life will surge through him. It is a deliverance.

The little creatures we will now assume march in time, keeping the rhythm or beat of a very simple measure. They know the left foot from the right, and the right arm from the left without thinking about it. The teacher now wants to introduce them to the signs or notes of music, but not by giving them music books to pore over. Miss Evans makes notes of strong paper. She cuts out a minim, a crotchet, a quaver, a semi-quaver, and gives one to every child. They learn *by doing*, that is by clapping, or marching; that a minim lasts while one says 1, 2, 3, 4. And that a crotchet lasts while one says 1, 2. A quaver while one says 1, and so on. Taking the very easiest beat she hangs these notes up and plays them, and the children *dance* them. In a very short time they begin to know the values as well as the names of these notes, so that in the upper class a child should soon be able to hang up a stave and dance it. This is how the reading of words began, and if it is a good thing to *work* with letters before one takes to books, it is also a good thing to work with notes before one opens music books.

As for the sol-fa notation, it offers no difficulty, for here the teacher falls back on the child's animism, and makes of her class a living scale.

"Here is Doh," she says, "a very strong man. He is the father of this family, rather stern but good. Come out, Albert," she calls to a very determined-looking boy, who comes forward with solemn strides.

"Now, darling mother is the high Dob!" she cries. "She always says what father says, and is so sweet and clear. Marian!" Marian, a tall, fair child, goes to the end of the room, and then the family are called out. "Me," a good sister, "La!" who cries for nothing, "Soh!" a merry boy, "Te," who clings to mother, and "Ra," a bright baby boy. "Fa" very delicate. stands close to "Soh," and each learns his own note. He sings it, he sticks to it, and then he sings it with others. All look at one another with joyful eyes, listening to the fine sounds they can make together. They change notes or places till all can sing the scale, and this is the moment to take out the sol-fa chart and begin to read it!

Our teacher does not, however, force the pace at all. It takes some time to get back the natural joy of childhood to some of our little ones. Simple rhythm exercises are taken and the six and seven-year-old dance easy dances, but the work is very largely loosening of stiffened muscles and rigours, and the setting afloof of natural feeling. Down in the meadow the children act the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and in wet weather in the large shelter they act fairies in a wood. Miss Evans gives



them little bells. And they have to skip and run so lightly that the grass will not bend under them. Sometimes she and other "robbers" run in and chase them, and then the camp rings with laughter that has new notes in it, and seems to launch the children far away from the strident life of the streets.

*Speech.*—Séguin in one of his books tells how once upon a time a very frail, very pale little girl went to the Sorbonne, and told the director that she wanted to be an actress. "Poor little thing," he said, "you are very ill. Can you recite anything?" "Yes, sir." "Well, try," he said pityingly, and she began at once.

"Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'un amour tendre."

"That will do! That will do," he cried, leaping from his chair. "You are a great actress. We must give you a training." He was right. The little girl was Sarah Bernhardt. She had genius. Some have talent, and all have some power of expression, the degree of which is fixed more or less by the kind of training given in childhood. Our children, no longer afraid to move, must learn also to speak without fear. A great part of our work is to listen to them, and to make so that they will speak to us.

This begins in the toddlers' room, where big people are not too busy to listen: now in the midst of older children we say every day, "Tell me what you saw in the street." "Tell me what you did yesterday. You have been to a tea-party. Tell

us about it." "Your father has come home from the war. What did you do? And did he tell you anything about far-off places?"

At first we get very little, indeed, no response from the new-comers. They do not even say "Yes" or "No." They answer by nodding, or shaking the head. To this state of mutism are they reduced. We send them to feed the rabbits, to feed the birds, to play with the cat, and then we say, "What did you see at the hutch?" "Tell me about pussy." Not Hilda to be sure, not Ruby, not Cecile, but these have been with us a long, long time and have had the silvery talk of our free-lance girls in their ears and the companionship of an older teacher in the four-year-old section. Inspectors say of them, "They are well-spoken!"

In the upper school, the six or seven-year-olds go further. They listen to stories from history books, to tales and legends. Then round the camp fire in the evening and also in class they will tell these stories themselves.

## CHAPTER XI

### COLOUR

CHILDREN vary much, as do adults, in their feeling for colour, but it is a sense which can be educated in early childhood.

We begin with two contrasting colours, say blue and red. I have squares of wood, about 3 inches wide and long, coloured and varnished.

1. First of all, two of these are placed side by side. "This is blue," we say, and "This is red," as Séguin said it to his scholars long ago.

2. Then we give the children a square of painted red cardboard and say, "Put this on the red wood," and "This on the blue."

3. Then we ask, "What colour is this?" All this is done with pairs of contrasting colour. Blue and yellow, red and green, violet and yellow. These are the first exercises.

4. The second group of exercises introduces scales of colour. At first the scale is small, but later new shades and tints are added. We have a scale of six for the primary colours.

The child places them in order. The standard

or middle blue comes first. The tints are ranged to the right, and the shades to the left. A child is then asked to arrange the scales of different colours, which he does with pleasure, as a rule, for most children love to handle the pretty varnished squares.

5. At this point we introduce the wheel. It is a Bradley Martin one, bought, I think, in New York, but it could be furnished here. It is spun by a turn of the handle at the back, moving the wheels held by an elastic band, and spanning a disk. The disks are of every colour, and there is a black one and a white one to make shades with and also tints. The disk is split at the top to make possible the introduction of a black and white one, or a disk of another kind to make broken colours.

The teacher shows the children how to spin the wheel, and lets them see how by altering the disks, or the quantity shown of any disk, she can make colours, and new colours at will. This is a great moment. The child feels that he can make a colour come, and this by movements that are even more pleasant than the handling of a brush. All the children want to see what they do, and they hold up one colour, and then another. We select, say, a standard blue, for that is easy, and when it is spun we say, "Make it lighter." "Make it darker." The children have to find this lighter or darker blue among the blocks on their table, and by-and-by some at least get very quick at

noting the exact tint or shade. This is the time when the scales have to be made larger.

6. The children are now dealing with colour as a thing depending more and more upon quantities. We put one child at the wheel. He is very proud of his position and eager to do well. Only we must be careful to give one order at a time, and to make it such that he can carry it out perfectly. We say, "Put half the white disk on, and half the black." When the child spins this we arrange the scale that begins in black and ends in white. We then say, "Put more white on," and when we have three-quarters of white spinning we find the light grey tint. We also begin to measure and say, "This is a quarter."

One child after another then goes to the wheel and we say, "Put a quarter of the white disk on," till all know how to do this quickly.

7. We now begin to experiment with the disks. We say, "Put on blue and red, and see what will come!" And, "Put on green and yellow, half and half." At this point the children want to make colours themselves. They want to shift the disks about and make their own discoveries. And this is surely what we want them to do! When the tablet scales no longer offer any illustration we have the garden to fall back on with its sea of colour. We sit at the wheel with a hue of deep purple and say, "Find a petal or flower like this." Then the hunt begins, and this hunt

implies not only that a child remembers a colour, but that he recognises it.

The wheel is set every day for a new colour, and at last even the three-year-old will try to match it. At six years old, or even at five, a child is ready to use a paint box. Before six it will be better to use only crayons and chalks, and in the four-year-old section paint-brushes, as well as pens and pencils, are out of place.

## CHAPTER XII

### FORM

OF all the "occupations" modelling is perhaps the oldest, the safest and the best. To begin with it falls back on the oldest sense, the basal sense of touch and the muscular sense. Begun as the little child begins it, it cannot put any strain on the finer nerves or muscles. He uses his hand mainly at first, particularly the palm, not the fingers.

The ball is here as elsewhere the first form. We give each little child a piece of clay and show him how to roll it between his palms. That is the first exercise.

Next we take a piece of clay and roll it into long chains, for to make chains as to make balls is childhood's deep-seated impulse. And by the time he has done these two things he can go in the garden as well as the shelter, and find he can make many of the things he sees there! Worms and twigs, stones and ropes, also links and balls, all the things he has a special love for. He can pierce his ball too, and make a bead of it, or turn it into an apple. At this stage he will want to use his fingers.

more, and can be taught how to scoop clay, and make a cup or bowl and put a handle to it.

The little potter, now fairly started, will want to make a hundred things, pots and pans, aeroplanes, and men, houses and baskets, nothing frightens him. Least of all is he afraid of modelling men and even armies, and there is no need to stop him, for the object of helping him is, not to make him into a sculptor or even into a potter, but to make a path for his creative energy, and develop his power of observation.

Nevertheless our children keep close to the things they know well. Some martins build high in the wall above our shelter, but the nests are so high that we hardly see them. The children modelled the nest and the little birds in it, but without enthusiasm. On the other hand they have made marketing baskets with great gusto, also potatoes, cucumbers and tomatoes, bottles also, and jugs, cots and little chairs. I think that this bold variety is like the ceaseless chatter of very young creatures who have not yet learned to speak. Talk of short hours ! We go on all day. We model children, men, women, nursery-schools—nothing is too hard ; why, we also makes aeroplanes, drays, horses and red-riding hoods—in short, any or everything that passes through our busy little heads. It does not trouble us at all that our men do not look right, and that the boat or the bridge spanning a river near the sandpit are



not all that we can wish. We are imitative now as we never will be again, and take a thousand subtle impressions and stimuli from the human beings near us, which this work helps to make fast.

More than any other place our children love the great heap of stones and builders' rubbish that the masons have left behind them after building our extension. To put up some kind of house, to fix some kind of tent, and to sit inside—that is the aim and desire of all the children of five and over. And the making of this house is a more popular occupation than any other, except of course the making of mud hills and trenches and the filling of dams and rivers.

Here again the making of apparatus shows how educationists have traced the instinct and interpreted it. There are very expensive articles in the market with leaden floors which cost a great deal of money, and do not leak. Nothing could be better except, possibly, a spare piece of ground in the meadow or in a corner of the playground where channels could be tunnelled and rivers set flowing without the aid of lead.

The first houses are of course very rude. They are caves. Our children of five and six have made five caves, or ancient dwellings, and have created an England all round it such as in their opinion existed long ago. Stones and earth are piled up to make roads and hills. There are bushy forests of twigs and a river with planks thrown across.

Clay was used to make mammoths and other fearsome animals, also men and women, and a child is playing near the covered opening of a cave. A piece of skin is the covering of the door. A great deal of eager consultation, thought and hand-activity went to the making of this big village. The same may be said of tent dwellings with forests all around, and clearings for camp fires. With might and main the children have worked at these, and have taken the wondering three and four-year-olds to look at them, Miss Stevinson, the head-mistress, giving much sympathy and interest, but *not* joining the working teams.

It was not she who said either that the ancient Briton or his wife might want a pot or a pitcher. They drank, of course, with their hands at first, but this could not go on for ever.

Down in the meadow there is a place where, by digging, you can reach the soft reddish clay. Our boys made an oven one day, and lined it with this clay which hardened in cakes. They began to make the models after that, beads and acorns, cups and jugs, bottles and pitchers. Then the older children began to look more critically at the clay early Britons, the babies placed for safety in brown twigs or forests, and the hippopotamus and cave bear in the big "early Britain" at the corner of the gardens.

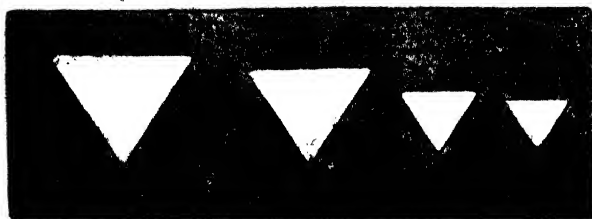
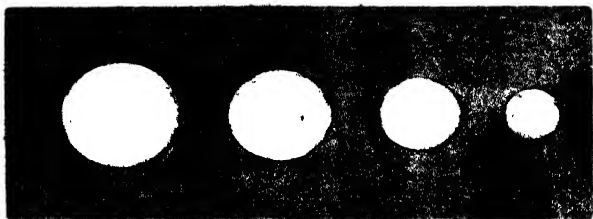
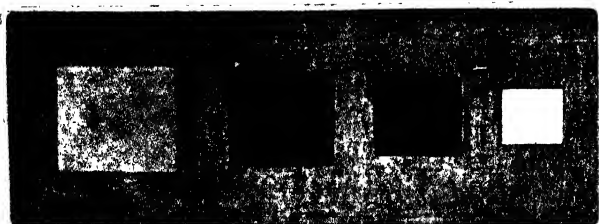
The pipes were not good enough—nor the pitchers. It was the moment now for appealing

to our artist lecturer, and what she did will concern our teacher-students even more than the children, and will be touched on in a later chapter.

The teacher was responsible, not for the work but for the release of the power that embodied itself in the cave-men's new country.

Miss Stevinson's book on this subject can be had from the Cambridge Press.





FRAMES AND GEOMETRICAL INSETS

[Face page 109.]

## CHAPTER XIII

### FORM

#### CONTINUED AND LEADING UP TO READING AND WRITING

SÉGUIN's method of teaching defective children by insets has been followed up by Dr. Montessori and applied to the teaching of normal children. Many years ago I had insets made also, on wooden trays with legs giving space for the hand to be introduced below so that the circles, triangles, cones, etc., could be pushed down or up. These trays of mine were inferior to those of Dr. Montessori in that they soon got out of order.

I have now a heavier wooden frame, flat, and varnished, where coloured geometrical forms are arranged in scales. Those used by the youngest children or toddlers are all arranged in scales, and are useful for exercises in the comparison of size. Only later are the frames with different forms introduced, such as circles and triangles, or later triangles and cones, etc., arranged alternately.

These insets attract the toddlers mainly on account of their bright colour. The nurse-teacher places them at first in the right order. She builds

them up, putting the smallest on the top. And even in the baby room she will give little lessons on colour : saying, " This is green," and pointing then to the grass, or " This is blue ; see the sky ! "

The children like to place bright insets and show no difficulty in learning to name them, but this exercise cannot go on very long because we can introduce only a few forms, and I think that for practice in the comparison of form we have to depend mainly on the clay work, and on fitting in letters.

We have a very long alphabet board made of polished wood which we lay, not always on a long table, but more often on the floor. It is fitted with big letters nearly three inches long which were covered with a tinselled French dust which rubs off and leaves the surface rough. Unpainted wood warps and does not stand cleaning, but it is best to have the letters painted, vowels red, consonants blue, after being first roughened by denting. Then a child can trace the form quickly blindfold and using all the fingers. He should work at first with a few chosen letters, and it is an advantage, not a disadvantage, for a group to work at one board.

The letters are arranged as Séguin suggested in contrasting couples. IO to start with, for this is the perfect pair. Then AV, OQ, BR, KY, YV, GC, MN, ZH, DP, EF, IJ, LT, YX, US. We repeat letters to form contrast or suggest likeness.

The children are very happy fitting the letters. The older children sometimes help the little ones. Very often in the evening they run to us with a picture book, and say, "Look, this is like a letter we know." At this stage we name the letters, and indeed we name them when the need arises or seems to arise. When a thing is known it should be named.

*Reading.*—The letters, which I originally had made for the trays, were kept in big wooden boxes, each with 26 letter places. These we still use, and I think they form the best means of teaching reading and spelling, their use making appeal as it does to three distinct senses, the muscular, the tactual, and the visual. Falling back on these, particularly on the earlier senses, many of our pedagogical difficulties fall away.

In teaching reading and writing, as in teaching everything else, we have two objects in view. First, we are trying to enrich the sensorium and secondly we are trying to give new motor control. These last gifts are worth more even than the power to read and write, for the arts of reading and writing as well as many other arts can be easily acquired through their possession. "The whole world," said Thoreau, "is on the side of the sensitive." The whole world is on the side also of those whose motor system is educated.

We can't deal with *anything* freely till we have



a good many clear impressions and fixed memories about it. I will try to describe the means through which we attempt to have these.

Here is a table on which the five-year-olds build words with letters. The big wooden boxes with 26 compartments each filled with letters are on one table, and the children go from one table to the other building up words. The teacher has a reading-book for this kind of drill-work. (We use Sonnenschein's. It may be that McDougall's is as good.) The point is, we must keep to a reasonable order or sequence in learning, just as the book-learners do. The children put down A T. We say put C before it or B, then it makes "CAT" or "BAT"! When these words are learned we take others, "MAT," "HAT," "FAT." The work is drill. The book used is a mere drill-book. The other or imaginative side of reading is carried on in another fashion and with other aids. Both are needed. Each is desired also, at last. Children love hard work, but they hate confused and confusing work. The room is not silent like a book-class-room. There is much movement, as the children slip from one table to another; or as often happens, go to the black-board to write what they have built or placed. Older children may love to be still in working. *We* are five years old and obviously depend more on our muscles. Some of the children can deal with only one word at a time. They take it to

pieces. They put it together again. They write it. They also look at it, but this is not the "look and say" method for they look at it sometimes in pieces. And why should they not see it thus? Every great educator agrees that to break a thing up into its elements and then make of it a unity again is a splendid mind exercise. If mathematicians find it good to do this with figures and forms, why should we abandon this method when we come to the learning of reading? Spelling is just the analytic side of learning to read, and the dreadful crop of bad spellers that have come into existence in the last twenty years and are driving so many teachers to look for simplified spelling are proof that we have failed somewhere. Simplified spelling may be a good thing. But the exaggeration of difficulties cannot be good. A weak visual memory cannot be good. An utter dearth of useful impressions in regard to any subject is not good. That is why we have our alphabet boxes filled with wooden letters which stand some handling. They are about a quarter of the size of those used by the three-year-olds, and one can write a whole sentence with them on the table.

How long does a child need to work with such material? That depends on the child, on his age, on his past, on his health, etc. Intelligent children outgrow the material very rapidly. One boy of six came to us who had been ill all his life, and had

never even learned his letters. He began to use the small letters at once, and in three weeks he was able to cast them aside and take to easy books. There is almost nothing we can fence away utterly from the waking powers of even very young children. Our three-year-olds find picture books with printing in them and cry out "this is an I," or "this is an A," with great glee. They sometimes find out a little word, and are very pleased with it.

Do many children "explode" into reading just as Dr. Montessori's children exploded into writing? There is no doubt that they *do*, or that the dealing with concrete letters and the building of these words does away very largely with all spelling difficulties.

*Training of the Visual Memory in Reading.*—We are still at the age (five and six) when the reading of small or even big print is not adapted to the needs of the young eye with its long vision and its need for vistas and long ranges. So when the children can read (wooden) words on the table and even sentences, they exercise their new powers by other means than the study of books.

Here is a large box full of long slits of cardboard on which words and also sentences are printed. The children look silently at the word. If it is a noun they run to the thing named softly and touch it. If it is a verb they *do* the thing it tells them to do. "Run," "Jump," "Fly," "Sleep,"

"Read," "Be Silent." If a sentence is held up they read it silently, and do the thing it tells them to do. At first everything is a kind of command or instruction: "Sit at the table," "Take up your pencils," "Touch the blackboard." Every one looks eagerly at the cardboard slits because they want to know what they have to do.

The exercise is varied in other ways. The children are shown a cardboard slit and are told to look at it for a few moments, and then are sent away, to write it from memory. During these exercises the room is full of movement, and yet it is silent, and the children are very busy; they are not being talked to much. They are testing themselves all the time.

Whenever I think of this exercise I think also of Guy, a boy who attended the camp for years, and who threw stones at the door when he was—for some reason—excluded, and came back by dint of asking. He brought the keenness and the "flair" of a hunter into his school work. With his warm dark eyes, bullet head, his strong little jaw, and turned-up nose all covered with freckles he had a kind of magnetism. You wouldn't expect it to look at him. Yet it was there.

He had lived a nomad life for years—in and out of school, and could not read though he was eight years old. He started off at a great pace, not with the wooden letters (for he knew his letters), but with the cardboard slats; and during

the lesson no one was so eager, so attentive as Guy. In playtime, too, he ran, with other boys, to the teacher's side. "Show me slats," he cried, "Let us see if we can read them." And he did read them all day, and without fatigue. "Go to the mulberry tree," "Fetch a sunflower leaf," "Find a new rose out." In three weeks he could read an ordinary book, and the game and work he loved was over. He set us to wondering whether our set programmes and study hours do not keep children back. Guy cared for nothing but reading and writing till he could read and write, and in playtime as in school time this far from studious boy insisted on going on with his work.

In learning to read in order to know something or to do something, one gets into the habit of understanding the thing read. One expects to understand it. One associates the written symbols with definite objects and actions, and this is a great advantage. The six and seven-year-olds, who have books, love the books because they understand them, and enter into the new life that is unfolded in their pages.

*Writing.*—This art should be taught with reading, being as it is largely a question of muscular memory related to the recognition of form. The learning of each art is simplified by half, when they are taken alternately as parts one of the other.

Our dear toddlers are anxious to start. We

give them chalk and a black dado in their nursery, where they most faithfully and eagerly proceed to make as much scribble as possible. Once, in the days when we employed nurses, the toddlers were forcibly deprived of their chalk on account of the fact that some wanted to eat it. The more ardent workers however found a way out. They moistened their index fingers with saliva, and proceed to draw with new vigour. They are no longer reduced to these strains.

The three-year-olds begin writing by swinging circles, and drawing strokes with either hand, and from the shoulder. At first they use the whole body, including the tongue, for this exercise, but later they gain control and draw creditably with one hand and the other. The order is as follows :—

First, circles O ;

Second, perpendicular strokes ;

Third, sloping strokes ;

Fourth, the joining of these : L T A V.

It will be seen that in the fourth stage of lessons they can draw many letters.

We now proceed to half-circles, ovals, and curves. By the time we can do these we are able to print the alphabet.

Over and above the printing of the alphabet, however, we can now draw many things. Ladders, pens, worms, balls, tents, candlesticks, etc.

In the beginning we call this work muscular control work. It has as its aim merely the form-

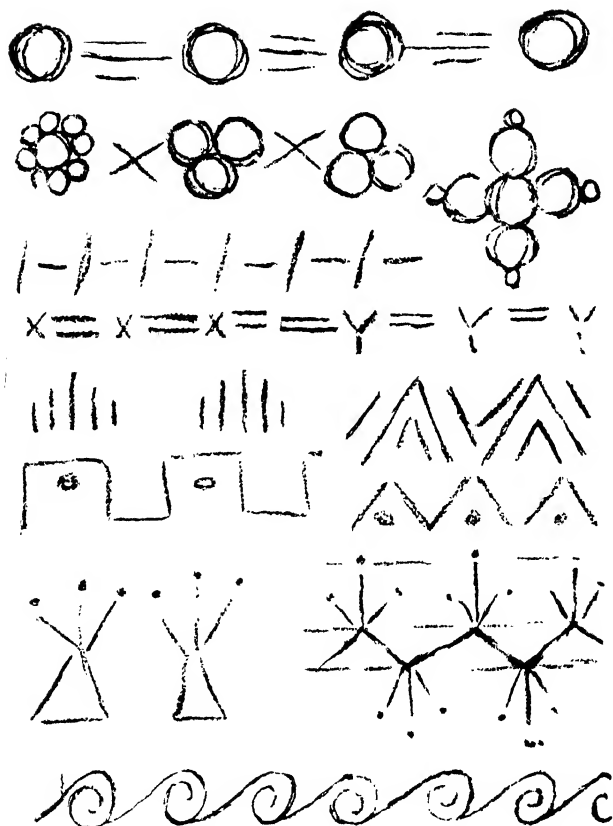
ing of power to stand steadily on feet placed apart a little, power to move the arm and hand without swaying the whole body ; but the muscular control comes so fast that in a few days or weeks we see little children swinging circles and drawing lines with great energy. It is natural they should want to do something real with the new power thus won. So they do free drawing, but this free drawing, so long misunderstood in our school, is free only because new power has been won. If we cease to win new power, the drawings may go on for years (as we see them go on in many infant schools) and show no progress.

The child can now draw on the blackboard the patterns shown opposite.

By learning to draw strokes, curves and circles he has already turned the key of the great treasure house of form in the visible world. Henceforward his "free" drawing may be indeed free from the dreadful chain of weakness and helplessness that trails after so many little ones for long years.

Drill for the winning of motor control is one thing, the education of the aesthetic nature is another. But the latter is cruelly handicapped when the former is held back. The musician who is an instrumentalist knows this. The painter, the sculptor know it. The teacher who has to give lessons in writing or dictation or even in reading and spelling knows it best of all.

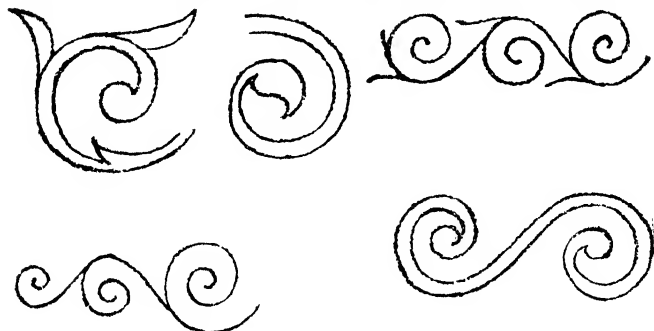
The children are not encouraged to rub out.



PATTERNS ON THE BLACKBOARD



They go over and over the figure they have drawn not three or four times, but twenty or thirty times. They turn a circle first in one direction, then in the other. They draw with the right hand, then with the left. Later they draw with the right,



SCROLL DESIGNS

save in the few cases that are truly left-handed.

They take scroll-drawing as a preparation for script. Such exercises as these are given, and later, figures.

These are followed by patterns formed of loops :—



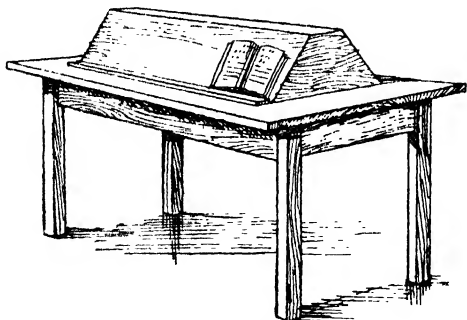
LOOPED PATTERNS

and finally by letters O P R S B U, &c.

At this point a child is ready to write words.

He is then building them on the table, and every word he builds from "cat" or "bat" onwards he goes and prints, and later writes, on the black-board.

After the scroll exercises, there remains nothing but to get the children to *reduce* their writing, to get it smaller and smaller, till at last they can go into half-text in books. By that time the form is so well known, and the power to make it so well won that writing has no difficulties any more, and we can begin to use copy-books. I have supplied a movable desk that is an exact copy of the writing-rest of a mediaeval monk; this form saves the eyes and saves the spine. It need not take more space than the ordinary desk. It is used only when one class is taking writing. Here is a copy of the desk. It can be placed on an ordinary table and there is a groove on the top for the pencil or pen and the inkpot.



MEDIAEVAL DESK

## CHAPTER XIV

### ARITHMETIC, OR PREPARATION FOR SCIENCE

THE first two R's—Reading and Writing—appear to have very little in common with the third. They are very largely concerned with the development of sensory experience and motor control. The third R depends at first on these things also, but its evolution and aim are different. Also, with the exception of prodigies of course, the gift of dealing with form and number appears to develop later, and to be present hardly at all before the fifth year and to make a great step forward only somewhere about the ninth. We, therefore, do not attempt to carry this far, while on the other hand our training assumes that every normal child should master the arts of reading and writing perfectly before leaving the Nursery School at seven years of age.

Language and hand-work are, in the beginning at least, very closely inter-related. The mere fact that the two brain centres that have to do, one with speech and the other with movements of the right hand, lie close to one another and are fed by one artery, indicate how the hand, and especi-

ally the right hand, worked out a subject that is not called manual now, but is set apart from manual subjects. Words, as well as tables, were made at first largely by hands. And in the teaching of number also we return to the hands as the organs of the first progress. Our toddlers' finger games are the beginning, among other things, of mathematics.

Here, as in language-learning, the little things know how to begin. They use the index first with great vigour. All day long our "Charlie" and "Tommy" have this pointer outstretched. In the garden especially and in the meadow, when not otherwise in use, it points, points to every new thing that swims into the child-world. Number games are not tried on these little hands, though sometimes near the end of toddlerdom one hand is held up and then another, one foot and then another, and a student nurse will say, holding them up in play, "One hand, Two hands." Otherwise toddlers' hands are so very busy, and a toddlers' head too full of other matters to think at all about number.

The three-year-old is ready to begin counting. He knows we have three rabbits, for he feeds them, and watches them in their houses. He counts the shelters too, and the birds in the aviary—there are only three. He points to the four fishes in the fish-tank, and above all he uses his fingers, the first counters, to number these things, and

very good counters they are. When, at last, he makes three or four straight strokes on the board to stand for them he is crossing the frontier. No longer is number, as at first, a quality of things in the world. It is a symbol for them.

The teacher talks about hands and fingers. Once upon a time people wanted to count two—"two wolves" for example, "coming to eat us." "Four sheep lost." At ten they stopped, because they had only ten fingers, so we also stop there. We have a decimal system. We write two figures for ten.

*Visual Number Drills.*—The teacher puts four stones on the table. The child looks at them and says how many there are. She then places six, eight, ten. The child reads them off.

2ND EXERCISE.—The children now sit down, each with a little bag of stones, which the toddlers are pleased to collect for them. The teacher says "Put down six stones." "Put down five." When they can do this quickly, with numbers up to ten, she says—

3RD EXERCISE.—"Now put down five and take up three. How many are there?" This drill can be done with big objects. But small stones or beans are handy for table and floor work.

4TH EXERCISE.—"Put down three pairs of two's." And later, pairs up to five and six pairs. Let the children look and then turning away give the number. The table with counters should be

a little distance off. Then they can run back from it.

When they can do this quickly and easily, we give the plus and minus signs which they like very much, and they go and write the answers to questions on the blackboard.

At this stage, having a little store of number memories, they begin to visualise. That is, the imagination is awake and active. The drill for speed can now be done. The teacher sitting opposite the children with their work in sight will say "Put down six—ten—five. Put down six and take up five. Put down six twos. Two threes," and so on. And now having given such practice as will help the imagination she can give up the stones altogether and ask, "How many twos in six?"

Out in the garden there is so much to do in counting things that the occasions come all day. "Take three pails and fill them with sand." "Take four little spades over from the tool-house." "Count the big rose-trees on the dug-out top." "Fetch five spoons." "Lay three places for three new children." "Jump on the see-saw twice." There is counting going on all day in the meadow, in the sand pit, in the herb garden. As the writing power develops too, there is no new thing to learn in figure writing but only a new application, and when curve drawing is reached (which it is in a few lessons) we can write all the

figures—1, 2, 3, 4—and the rest. And the other way of writing figures, that is, by putting letters to stand for them, that we have learned to do already in the first three writing lessons.

Meantime, the meaning of weight is learned through actual strains on muscles. We have many small tin boxes. These we fill with various things—one has stones in it, another marbles, another clay, another sand; one has almost nothing in it, and another is empty. The children are asked to range them in the right order, and we know if it is rightly done by opening the box. It is after such exercises as these and kindred free exercises in lifting and moving things that the kitchen scales may be brought out and a balance set up. Even this is not always necessary, for children make the balance themselves by placing a short plank over a stone. In this way they learn to measure a pound's weight of anything, half a pound weight, etc. Having arrived at this point the children are on a level with the Greeks of the time of Homer, for these knew the balance, and called the unit of gold a talent, even though they had not yet stamped coins and dispensed with the need of verification. As they could not weigh things always, however, in a balance, they used the hand and the eye to determine weight in every-day life, and so the measure of value was really a sensation and every transaction depended on hand and eye training.

The keeping shop is a favorite game, and it can be used to give very good results—more especially, if money is brought in and all the usual business of buying and selling is allowed to go on. Our children are used to going into shops, and they like to handle *real* money, not toy coins. So we have real pennies, half-pennies, sixpences and shillings, and they shop in earnest. We have paper and string for tying parcels and do a great trade in sand.

We are not afraid to introduce our children to fractions. "Here is an apple, can you have less than one apple?" "Yes, indeed," cries Jim, looking hungry. "You can have half an apple." He cuts it in half. And then, everyone being keen on the subject, we proceed to deal with quarters. The idea that the unit can be anything you like to fix comes as a sort of relief to many children. Their mind seems to course back and forth across the former barrier, like a thing released.

At this point, too, the changing of colour wheel disks forms very good practice.

*Measurement.*—From babyhood almost our little ones have been comparing sizes and weights, ranging things in order of size, putting squares and triangles into places that fit them. From toddler stage our little ones get some notion of space too, first by having a large space to move in, and by going out in the garden and looking to the east where the sun is in the morning, or to the west



where he goes to rest. Later when he is five years old we proceed a good deal further. We begin to measure things in a very primitive way—that is with our hands, our fingers, our foot, or our forearm. “How long is this box?” “As long as my hand twice.” “How wide is this flower-bed?” “My foot, ten times.” “How long is your pencil?” “My finger twice.” Very soon the children begin to see that fingers and feet vary in length, and that is the moment to tell them that once upon a time other people found this out and made fixed lengths and called them by name. A yard measure can be given then, or a foot measure (only as it is, we explain, a grown-up person’s foot), and then the measuring can go on apace in the garden and the meadow as well as in the school. When the child has had much practice he can discover his own tables, multiplication weights and measures tables. Later, at seven he will write them down in a book.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE LINNER-HOUR

THE three and four-year-olders are at table. Is it worth while to listen to them, and look at them as they sit on this January day in their north-facing shelter? Yes, it is worth while. They are in the poorest shelter of all, the shelter we put up when our funds were at ebb tide. The walls are low. The floor is uneven. The beauty of the children glows triumphantly in this poor setting, like roses in a broken cup.

A sweet ripple of tender voices rises and floats over the play-ground and gardens, accompanied by soft piano notes played by one of our students.

*To music*

“*Thank you for the world so sweet,  
Thank you for the food we get,  
Thank you for the birds that sing,  
Thank you, Lord, for everything.*”

This little grace, sung by thirty-four little voices in the open shelter near the snowy gardens, has a strange, almost a weird charm! Whence has it come, this fair young life that sings in the winter morning? It has come from, it was hidden in,

a slum. And now it shines like lilies in the sun. It sings and its voice gives a new and yet intimate meaning to the world. Here are the world's redeemed children—the children of to-morrow.

Redeemed they are. The toddlers across the way are enchanting. Between these and the three and four-year-olders, however, what great spaces have been traversed. The three-year-olders can talk. They want to talk at table. And no one says "Be quiet," or checks one's first little steps towards human sociability and good fellowship.

The four-year-olders are scattered among the younger children, and so Betty, a very intelligent child of over four, with rosy cheeks, rather sharp blue eyes, and thin red lips that shut tightly, is seated opposite Sam, nearly a three-year-old boy, fair-haired, with full cheeks and bright dark eyes. We listen all the more because it is instructive as well as delightful to hear.

"Betty," he says, "have you washed your hands?"

Betty glances at him impatiently over her spoonful of pudding.

"Of course, Sam," she answers shortly, "you saw me yourself."

Sam goes on eating gravely for some minutes after this snub, but gathers new courage.

"Are your hands kwite c'ean?" he says imperfectly.

Betty glances at her faultless nails.

"Of course they're clean. What funny things you want to talk about, Sammy Purridge," she says trippingly. There is a long, long pause.

"Cook says her hands are c'ean," says Sam, struggling with dim thoughts. "*She* hasn't time o' them. I was playing, and she sent me away. 'I haven't time on my hands,' she said to me." "Betty," asks Sam suddenly, "what is time?"

Betty's blue eyes grow very large: some very conclusive answer may be hovering near her lips, but she says no word.

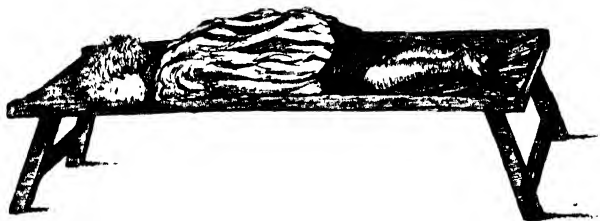
"Time is dirt," said Sam very earnestly. "that's what it is." (Sam does not take in the meaning of Time, or other abstractions. You don't gather grapes in February, even off a good vine.)

Betty puts down her spoon, looks at him, is on the point of speaking, but changes her mind and says nothing.

The children fill the shelter with merry prattle. The talk is of ribbons, of toys, of my new boots, of pudding, and of mummie. But they are silent at a word from nurse. The tables are cleared. Beds are taken out and soon every bed holds a barefooted little occupant. They are warmly wrapped in blankets.

We are now in a garden of sleep. The toddlers will not wake for two hours or more, and the older children will not waken for an hour and a half. If, by any chance, a child does waken, he or she will lie quiet with bright eyes. This did not happen

at first nor for weeks. Children, unused to the midday rest, tossed about when awake and had no kind of peace, but after weeks of regular lying down at the same hour all the children, even little Tommy, who is fourteen months old, and who cried nearly all day at first, sleeps soundly, and gets up when he wakes, fresh and gay as in a new morning. It is well worth while seeing how this sound sleep and rest has been won for all of our many children.



CHILD ASLEEP ON CAMP BED

To begin with the bed is comfortable. Here is a picture of the camp bed.

The children are tucked in warmly with blankets, but their shelters, though heated by stoves, leave something to be desired. They were built when no authority would help us, and the youngest children had the best of everything we possessed then as now.

Yet how deeply and peacefully this little field of elder children is sleeping. On every little face a great peace has fallen, and the shelter has an almost awe-inspiring stillness. One could "hear a pin

drop." Grace, whose face lately expressed pain and distress always, now looks as peaceful as the others. Deep she has sunk beneath healing waters, and one has all the time an impression of rallying powers, of deepening life, of roots striking firmer and deeper, and of joy. The bare garden looks empty, but the quiet shelter seems to hold a great secret. Near her table, and with a blue screen for background, the young student left in charge busies herself over needlework, her white veiled head bent a little.

## CHAPTER XVI

### A TEA PARTY AND A HOMELY EVENING

AT four we sometimes have a tea party. The toddlers are nearly always the guests, and they send over the toast they have made. With neat hair and solemn faces they set forth from their shelter, the younger carried by students over the wet places; the elder children leading the little ones. They are received with ceremony by the three and four-year-olds, and are led by them to the little tables. What great occasions these are, and how seriously and joyfully do the older ones take on their duties as hosts.

The toddlers, too, are proud of their own manners. They do not fight or snatch. We know that. They say "Ta." They wait for the others. They even pass the plates! Mothers beholding them are full of admiration. "Look at my Syd, he takes one piece. Long ago, at home, he'd have taken the plateful!" Some laugh and some ignore it all. We think it very interesting, very charming, very important, remembering that "manners makyth man."

We have now arrived at that hour when, by

most schools, the children are abandoned, or, if this is in many cases a wrong word to use, when they are handed over to their parents and guardians. It is half-past four, and as this is mid-winter the chill dark has fallen. This is the hour when all we have learned becomes a joy to us. It is the hour that was imaged in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," in the homes of cultured, but poor folk, in many lands.

Outside, the frozen paths and flower beds glimmer in the faint light of the dying day. The winds moan drearily over the meadow and gardens. But inside there is warmth, and light, and cheerful talk. Some children pore over picture books! Others listen, with quiet faces, to a tale, and some are building houses, or playing with the doll-house and its furniture. In the shadowy distance some are playing ball with a student. This is a nurturing home—or as near it as the people in our street can get in these days.

Some of the best kind of educational work of the whole day is going on now. Sometimes mothers come in and join us. The shadows are deepening. But our children are not going to be hustled away. This is the time when in our shelters, bright and well-rested girls come on duty, and the heads of the various sections arrive also, for we are at one of the nodal points of the day. This is the hour when we have to make our nursery a true home-place for our little ones, reproducing for them as



far as we can all the light and joy, and the companionship which is the birthright of some and ought to be the birthright of all.

In the toddlers' shelter as we know, Nurse Pauline is playing the rôle of mother and elder sister. Round her knees are gathered a crowd of little children, and her manner and ways become more caressing as the night falls like a pall over the garden. Hers is a fine shelter with bright fires and drawn glass shutters, through which a splash of yellow light falls on the dim arcade. Miss Salter is not so fortunate. She has a bigger family and less room. Her shelter is warmed by stoves and lighted by rather dim lamps. A cruel visitor once said: "But this is a ramshackle place!" No matter—it is a very bright place to-night. The chintz-covered lockers and ottoman, the blue-draped shelves, the whitewashed pictured walls make a brave show, and the stove throws out a good heat. And the Teacher of this shelter is sitting below a great coloured picture of King John, signing the Magna Charta.

If our homes were behind the shelter and our mothers could pass through the back wall doors, this would be a very fair substitute for the best kind of children's home schoolroom. But our homes are not part of this building. At six we must face the darkness of the street, we end the evening after all in a crowded room, and fall asleep at last, it may be, in a crowded bedroom.

No matter ! The idea of nurseries for all, school-rooms for all, happy evenings for all little ones, has come and having come will not depart again. We shall try and try again. For what is Housing Reform if it means only the putting in of a scullery or bath-room, or giving a few more inches of cubic space for everyone ? All this is very good, but it does not mean life. We shall try like the unwearying sea to win at last a new and higher conception of home as a place that must include Nurseries, talks round the fire, stories, games, music, and something more that makes all these shine as memories for evermore.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE CAMP IN SUMMER

#### *Colour Work and Gardening*

It is blazing June, and roses are ablaze over the arches and in the beds. All the curtains and screens are down except for a few hours at midday, and the shelters have their side walls out and stand like skeletons of houses, as they are, in the great heat.

In the early morning hours, the toddlers are out in the herb-garden, or in the walks near the mulberry tree, and down by the terrace and hedge. They look gravely at the shiny leaves of the rose bushes, at the fiery petals of the great tiger-lilies, and at the convolvulus starring the terrace with snowy bells. In the herb garden, they pinch the balm and thyme, and smell their fingers gravely thereafter. They sniff up marjoram and fennel perfumes, and squeeze the green-blue fronds of the rue. The three and four-year-olders too love the scents of the garden, and can tell a few with the eyes shut. The newcomers seem to have no smell at all : but that of course is not so. They

have as much sense of smell as the others, but their attention has never been drawn to any such things so they appear to have lost a sense.

The cloudless sky above us is spread out day after day like a blue flower. The planes and pine trees and the old mulberry have still the fresh green of early summer, and the beds and arches are now at their gayest hours. Gold and green, purple and white, rose and blue, meet us at every step : and the children look at this new-born wealth of colour with wonder. It is surely the moment to fix these glorious tints and shades in their memories and make of them living memories.

The Colour Wheel is set turning. Flowers are brought into the shelter, and children name the colours and show tints and shades. They fill the vases themselves, and arrange the flowers, and sometimes a child, otherwise not brighter than the others, will show a gift for colour.

It is easy to test and feed the colour sense now. The sun lights up the yellow bowl of the eschscholtzia field behind the bungalow, and in no paint box, on no wheel, can we find such gold. The violas seem to glow deeper in the afternoon sun, and the red poppies flame under the dark wall like goblets of fire. Children are drawn to this living colour as they cannot be drawn to new pigments. Tommie, aged fifteen months, tries to speak of it, holds out his hands to it, is stirred by it to the depths of his baby soul.

Even in January the toddlers used to point little fingers to a great bowl of white and green on the table.

“ ‘Nodrops !” said Charlie, an enchanting two-year-old.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Gardening.*—As summer draws on the activity of the whole camp circles round the teacher-gardener and her assistant. At any hour almost you may see a queue of little ones following down the path or crossing to the beds where she is at work. They are eager to help too, and basket in hand pull up weeds, sow seed, water, and do errands for the gardener. And though no set lessons are given, even very young children of three and under begin to know the vegetables as well as some of the flowers and to name them correctly “Where are the carrots? Where is the parsley?” ask visitors, and wondering, grave-eyed children will lead them where the carrots grow and the parsley. They eat radishes in the beds too, and their little flaxen heads and their blue eyes can be seen athwart the waving potato bed or down near the rhubarb patches. And some consciousness of the labour and patience needed to make things grow takes root in their young souls, and appears in the willingness and sympathy with which all try to help to the limit of their powers.

This deep and thorough initiation into the

world of nature—the long summer days with the rain, the sunshine, the soft winds, the heat also, the rainbow, the rapid growths and slow growths in the beds and borders, the grown-up people busy yet not too busy to say a word to little people standing knee deep in grass or behind vegetable beds that look like forests, does far more for education than any mere school can. The old mulberry tree with its heavy crop of dark fruit, the planes with their great leaves that give shadow, the lime tree delicate and sweet smelling, all play a great part doubtless in the future of our little children. The leafy domes are worked into memories that will survive the events of threescore years and ten, for child memories are perhaps the most permanent things we can ever have.

The three and four-year-olds have gardens, but they are not parcelled into thirty-four strips. The snipping of the garden into plots is a little like the snipping of things into school subjects. The joy of the garden is that it is a big place where all kinds of things are going on ! It has sidewalks too, and belongs to the three-year-olds. It belongs to them more or less collectively, and there in spring they weed and dig, sow seeds, water and watch the growth of their own flowers or borders of vegetables. The events of the border give rise to a great deal of talk, and reports about growth and budding, leafage and bloom. Here

too children can watch insect life, make acquaintance with ants and aphides, as well as worms and caterpillars. The silkworms are a source of wonder and interest as they live through their romantic life stages, and the bright yellow silk is wound and treasured at last in one of the specimen boxes. Butterflies are a joy to the toddlers as they live their bright brief life in the sunshine. The three and four-year-olds know them as grubs and have some dim wonder as to their amazing transformation. In their long dreaming in the beds and down the walks and in the meadow they are learning gardening just as they learned a language by processes and methods that recall the transformation and work of the digestive and alimentary system, and that calls for little help and should have no interruption from us. One recalls in watching them, and in answering the first wondering remarks and timid experiments, the words of Séguin :—

“How few little children are allowed to remain by the side of patient and gentle mothers or nurses, touching, dreaming, and emerging at last from this bath of sweet emotion and reverie, thinkers, doers, inventors, saviours.”

\* \* \* \* \*

In the summer mornings all the children, but especially the toddlers, are glad, looking forward to the long, long day with all its wonders. The little ones run about in the grass. They climb

the plank laid across the garden seat under the mulberry tree, they run down the hillocks in the meadow, and swing or ride under the streaming plane tree. In summer evenings the older children are "fey," while the little ones are getting sleepy.

What is it to be "fey"? It is a Highland word that expresses a state of ecstasy accompanied with a touch of abandon and foreboding, a state that gives a kind of misgiving to joy, and raises in the same moment all the physical powers as if to meet and conquer everything. Children dance almost wildly on the grass while the great red flower of the sunset fills the west with glory, and makes a vermilion sparkling between the lime boughs. They laugh. They shout. They "do not want to go home" and above all "do not want to go to bed." The staff allow this mood to be expressed but they are ready also to play games in the gloaming. Sometimes the younger children of four are eager to join in these games.

There is plenty of eye-training in the throwing and catching of balls, and this goes on in the playground and meadow, the students organising little games with sets of three and four, or sometimes taking a shy or awkward child alone and giving him some special training. The new-comers are a little astonished. They have to learn *not to push*, and how to play fair. And these lessons are not the least important of the day.



Soon all the children will depart. They are already waving goodbye from the open gate where tired mothers, elder sisters and neighbours' boy and girl nurses pass in and out. Is the street outside into which they are now pouring at all touched by the life of the garden-nursery? Yes, it is touched by it constantly, for the life-rivers of the garden are always pouring out to the threshold of homes. The teachers visit. They know the homes. They know the mothers and even the fathers, and it is their constant desire and aim to make the home life resemble in many ways the garden life; and to make the clothing, the feeding, the sleeping hours, and the training methods as much as possible "all of a piece." And surely they are succeeding! For nearly every young mother likes to have a word with the students and staff. "Tommy" and "Charlie," "Margaret" and "Hilda" give good-night kisses as they go out, and Bertie our youngest, kisses his hand a dozen times to his nurses in thanks for the good day.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### WHEN THE SHADOWS ARE FALLING

WE do not always go in gladness. On winter nights when the wind is moaning there comes a sad moment. It is the moment when the little ones have to change their clothes and go home.

Not all have to change. Some have good underwear and overalls, and water-tight shoes, but not all. Some can buy our good clothes by weekly instalments. And some can pay nothing and have poor clothes. My dear sister used to find things for these, but we lost a great many garments even when wages were very high. It is not the child's fault, but it is someone else's fault when a little one has to put off the pretty school garments, the embroidered pinafore, the bright hair-ribbons, and put on the heavy dark raiment of poverty. Sadly they wait, looking out on the darkening garden for the arrival of boy or girl nurses. Sometimes a baby greets its mother with joy. But often an older child weeps, puzzled to know why her life divides itself into nights of gloom and overcrowding, and days of light and pretty clothes,

and toys, and the company of fair young girls and sweet-voiced teachers.

Now and again a child demands to stop on, to experience the night of the new life. Before the war they did not go away. We had a night camp, Then the war came, and the raids, and we closed at night. We had our gayest evenings before the war.

This ending in shadow marks the place where the wave of progress is stayed. The next wave will go farther. With a little planning of covered ways and porches the Nursery-Schools and nursery might, and will be, an annexe of the homes. Along these ways mothers, yes, and fathers, will come to fetch their little ones. Already the shelters are an attraction. True, the beer-shop and public-houses put up a fight for our people. True, we are in a noisy place and are afraid of holidays. We are afraid of the way people "enjoy" themselves. Yet the school has found its best friends among parents. In a poor place they have given this year over £412 towards the upkeep of an outdoor Nursery-School. Let us go on. The children will one day pass from the bright nursery into a clean and bright home, and they will not change before leaving into home-clothing, but go and come in with pretty pinafores and in good shoes.

Our students are getting ready to deal not merely with childhood, but with environment.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD

It is said that the Nursery-School child should leave the Nursery-School at five, and go forth into another kind of school. That is a strange proposal, for a five-year-old is in the full swing of a life movement that does not change to a new key till seven years have passed. To drive him forth is to send him out untimely. Haste spells ruin all the time, and this kind of haste is not going to help us at all. The Nursery-School teacher has specialised in Infancy. Infancy does not begin at two or end at five. What is going to be done then about her training ?

The answer is simple. We must try to do the right thing, even if the powers that be are not quite ready to make this easy. We have to keep on trying to show that our new nursery teachers should understand the child of one year old, and be ready to take up the training also of the child of seven, and that their training should provide for this, and not less than this.

The seven-year-old is the flower of the Nursery-School. This flower should be allowed to bloom,

to show itself and be recognised. The mere sight of such children, massed or looked at individually, is a new revelation—a thing England has not seen yet, or any other country. And what are they like, these wonderful boys and girls that have been nurtured as well as educated till they are seven years old? Have we seen them, or their heralds. Yes, we have seen the heralds. We have the first fruits already. They are *here*.

They are nearly all tall, straight children. All are straight indeed, if not tall, but the average is a big well-made child with clean skin, bright eyes and silky hair. He or she is a little above the average of the best type of well-to-do child of the upper middle class. So much for his or her physique. Mentally he is alert, sociable, eager for life and new experience. He can read and spell perfectly or almost perfectly. He writes well and expresses himself easily. He speaks good English and also French. He can not only help himself, but he or she has for years helped younger children : and he can count and measure and design and has had some preparation for science. His first years were spent in an atmosphere of love and calm and *fun*, and his last two years were full of interesting experiences and experiment. He knows about a garden, and has planted and watered, and taken care of plants as well as animals. The seven-year-old can dance too, and sing and play many games. Such are the children who will

soon present themselves in thousands at the Junior Schools' doors. What is to be done with them? I want to point out, first of all, that the elementary school teachers' work will be changed by this sudden uprush of clean and strong young life from below. Either the Nursery-School will be a paltry thing, that is to say a new failure, or else it will soon influence not only the elementary schools but also the secondary. It will provide a new kind of children to be educated, and this must react sooner or later, not only on all the schools, but on all our social life, on the kind of government and laws framed for the people, and on the relation of our nation to other nations.

This new seven-year-old then is a kind of new coin of the realm. We look at him as he stands in the open air in front of the open shelter, busy in work and play that sets free in him a great underground wealth of sympathy. He has in the little book shelf over the specimen boxes the well-thumbed story books that tell the romance of a life he is living anew. Here is the history of "The Tree-Dwellers," the tale of the times when life was what he likes it to be—a continuous adventure in which one is never really anything but a conqueror. *He* does not fight with wild beasts, but he gets as near it as he can—makes flints, and bows and arrows, and shoots these last against the outside blank wall of the big shelter front where no little children are or can be. *He* also makes a

house, and finds clay to make pots, and he sends great rivers flowing down between the clay hills and the stony valleys. He loves Hiawatha too, and draws designs just like Hiawatha's on the big tent, and he reads the story of "Ab" and the "Then and Now" stories, not only in winter near the camp school fire but in summer in the play hours. What he reads he understands. The words are real, and send electric currents through his tense little body. He is not likely to memorise or make "howlers," since all the words are full of meaning and polished bright by constant use like new coins.

Not that our new seven-year-old is a prodigy, or can do wonders in "sums" or grammar. He is not a wonder at all, and sometimes we may even think he ought to do better in school subjects, in view of all the love and service that have been given to him. Yet it is not merely by looking at his drawing or his sums we learn that a great abyss separates him from yesterday. Rather do we begin to feel it when we see how far remote his condition of life is from the condition and life of yesterday's street urchins! He has none of their cunning or adroitness—they are "smart," "bright," "cute." Nothing is matured in him to the point that one can say "He is clever." "He is as quick or as able to help himself as a grown-up person." On the contrary, nothing is so obvious as that he is still a child. He is full of held-back forces; all

his powers are working in darkness yet, from which something rises only now and again, or may not even rise at all, like a promise. He can spell, however, without the need for simplifications. He can speak English and can understand French. There will be no need to simplify things overmuch for him when he gets into the junior schools.

The abyss between him and the child of yesterday yawns deepest of all when we compare the state rather than the attainments of one with that of the other. The nurtured seven-year-old is a stranger to clinics. He knows very little about doctors. He sees the dentist, but has hardly ever, or never, had any treatment from him. Our bathing centre for the verminous, our skin clinic over the way, are places of woe which he has never entered, and will never know. Our streets must be cleaned so that the young eyes of the new generations may look on them without wonder. The public-houses that fill these streets with drunken noise and horrors must go.

If this book is not mere nonsense from cover to cover, it is a voice calling at the moment when a new coming is near, "Make straight in the desert of these awful streets and alleys a pathway for the young." They are to be got ready in garden-nurseries for a new life, a new world. The old world must change around them. It *is* changing slowly. The pace is going to quicken and quicken, and soon the dark life of the slum will begin to



sicken and languish near the door of the new centres of nurture. To this end, however, we have had to come out of the existing elementary and infant schools. We had to come out, taking the teachers with us, not because we wanted to break with these schools, but because we could not present the new work and the new ideal in the old building. The asphalted playgrounds, the high and strong walls are too hard, too unyielding. They may be broken up and adapted later on, but the new work cannot take root and show itself as a new growth in such a hard and unkind environment. It is best that the first illustrations of a new kind of infant school should be given, not as an annexe of the existing school, but as a new extension of home, and in cleared spaces of the crowded city. Later, when the real nature of the work is known, it will be safe to try and adapt existing schools—which, however, cannot be at all like the real nurture centre, well thought out and planted in a garden.

The seven-year-old little girl is also a first fruit of a new order. She is here already, and she is charming. In ruddy health, with silken hair and pearly teeth, she speaks with a tripping sweetness of voice inflection and accent good to hear. And what a charming little mother she is to the younger ones ; playing with them, helping them in their struggles to dress and undress, to lace boots and button them, and laying the

table with the air of a responsible woman ! She has all the charm of a well-to-do child and a new charm added to it. All her pretty, graceful ways are touched by solicitude. Tenderness, like the perfume of a garden rose, breathes out of the heart of this little windflower. She can read, write, draw and sing as well as her brother. She can dance much better than he. She can garden but she keeps more to the flower beds, and her early dwellings and pottery are as good as his. She listens and can relate any story she has heard, but will soon interrupt or turn away if she does not understand. In boy and girl alike there is a new unwillingness to say things, or do things, that have no meaning. When such children go out in their thousands, in their tens of thousands, most of the elementary schools if not all must get ready for a new task. It will be in some respects a much easier task than is the labour they now tackle. In other ways it is perhaps harder. Above all it will be much less disheartening and have a lure that is absent to-day.

## CHAPTER XX

### GUY AND THE STARS

IN midsummer the little houses in our back streets become very hot. People do not always open the windows then, because many have long forgotten that windows can open at all. The front door is wide, however, and in the doorway and on the hot pavement children play, and women linger, till the light fades. Guy and his brothers usually range over the streets, but to-night Gay played near the door of his own home in Rosemary Lane, which is, perhaps, the hottest, the dirtiest, alley in the south-east end.

Why did he keep so near home ? For an excellent reason. Jim, an old Camp-boy, who had slept out for four years, and who had enlisted in 1916, and who got a medal at the front for bravery ; Jim, the hero of Rosemary Lane, had promised to sleep out with him to-night in the large Camp-ground.

"We shall go there after sundown," he said. "There are trestle-beds. We will fit them up and go to bed in the open."

Guy was so glad that he did not even smile.

He had not slept nor eaten any supper because of excitement and joy, and though he was now playing hopscotch on the dirty pavement, he was keeping one eye always on the alley—near where at any moment Jim might appear.

"The sun went down last night in great splendour. It was a red sunset, and all the sky was stained up to the zenith. After sunset a little wind got up.

"It will rain," said Guy's mother, standing on the doorsteps with her bare arms folded, her dark eyes lighted up with a gleam of mischief and with furtive pleasure, too, in her son's happiness.

Guy trembled.

A large and very dirty woman at a neighbouring door screamed out suddenly.

"He ain't comin'," she cried. "Down't ye know he's gone on night work at the box factory?"

Guy frowned, but grew pale under the tan.

"Down't tease 'im," said a younger woman, tall and mild-eyed. "It's a shame."

Almost in the same moment a tall, shockheaded, young man with handsome features and very bright, twinkling eyes appeared at the Close head. He was in his shirt sleeves, and carried some grey old blankets slung over one shoulder. It was Jim. Guy rushed at him.

"Well, kid," said the young man, with indulgent pride, shifting his blankets a little higher, and looking round on the company of admiring women and children. "Hot! an't it?" he observed,

nodding to a young mother who had a group of blue-eyed little ones round her, all blue-eyed, dark eyelashed and with very pale, anaemic and dirty faces, all pretty, and giving an impression of trampled flowers. The young mother looked approvingly at Jim, but made no answer.

"I've been hauling the beds right out into the open," said Jim cheerfully. "Are ye ready, Guy?"

"*He's* ready, I think," said Guy's mother, leaning the back of her hand on her hip, and looking down at her son with grim pleasure. "Can't eat nor sleep for thinking he'll go in Camp to-night. Mind ye behave yerself!" she added, shaking her head at her son, as if conscious that joy was a fearful stimulus to wrong-doing. "Else ye'll never go again, I'll promise ye."

"Well, come on, Guy! So long!" said Jim, looking around him like a lord. The two passed down the alley, followed by the wondering gaze of the whole neighbourhood. Women came to the door, children surged up and followed from the streets and green, and lined up to see them pass royally through the Camp-gate and close the door behind them.

Guy spoke no word. He had often heard how, long ago, boys used to sleep out in the Camp-ground, and now the wonderful thing was going to happen to him. No, a better thing was happening to him. He was in a larger camp now, with a garden full of flowers and a wall of trees in the

distance and a dug-out, and new buildings, open on every side and painted in white and blue. And into the wide open space that was the playground Jim had drawn two iron bedsteads, on which he was now arranging the coverlets. A breath of sweetness flowed over the garden. It came from the briar rose beds under the fence and the hillock over the dug-out with its dim flowers.

Guy slipped between coarse, clean sheets, and lay down under the stars. It was strange at first. He looked round uneasily as if for the narrow wall that had always penned him in at night. He drew the coverings up, but flung them loose again because the night was so warm. Jim came and sat by him on the bed, and looked at the troubled face and bewildered dark eyes.

"Like it?" said Jim, tentatively.

Guy drew closer to him.

"It's very big, isn't it?" he ventured.

"Big," said Jim, looking round with the air of one who has seen greater things than these.

"Of course it looks big to *you*."

Guy raised himself a little as if taking courage, and he looked round the garden, and away at the line of solemn trees. Then he glanced upwards, but his eyes fell, and he looked again at the dark flower-beds, and the half-covered arches, where young rose trees had been hindered by a frost. Jim, dimly conscious of every movement and impulse in this long-swaddled, half-strangled child

of the gutters, folded his strong young arms calmly, and looked up at the sky.

"If ye come to stars now," he said, "there ain't a finer sky going than Deptford's. Not if ye took a ship and went right round the world. I've been to India, ye see, and I've been to Egypt and France, so I ought to know."

Guy looked up timidly at the sky. The deep, dark vault was strewn with light clouds like broken fleece, and they moved as if someone were driving them, and through the broken fleece here and there a star sparkled. Southward and almost overhead the full moon rose. She was half-hidden now behind a larger bank of cloud, through which she looked forth, all dazzling like some glorious face, veiled, and distressed by the blowing wind. All round her the clouds shone like silver. And all this beauty was changing and moving, and even hurrying, and the poor little slum-dweller looked up at it as if in fear.

"Lie down now, Jim," he said, in a low voice, "and tell me about it."

"About what?" said Jim, wondering.

"About that," said Guy, pointing with one arm, or rather by one movement of his half-covered shoulder, to the sky. "I never seen it before."

"You look at it then," said Jim, trying to remember what he had been told about the stars. "Look at it a bit as there ye lie."

It was worth some looking at, the sky; the

hurrying clouds were quiet as if they had reached a harbour. Great stretches of blue lay between their white still fleecy hills, and the moon shone clear in a blue expanse.

The boys lay down side by side. The street was very quiet, and the Camp very still. All the students had left in the morning.

"That star right over us is the Polar star," said Jim. "You see it wherever ye are, a-shining down on ye, and them two stars at his side point always to him so you can't miss him. That's the Plough," Jim went on, pointing to it. "Ye never saw a real plough, did ye, kid? It's a thing farmers turn the earth up with before they put seed into the ground. Well, anyway, it's shaped like that. That whiteness you see all along the sky is a mist o' worlds. Thousands and thousands of them. That's the Dog-star, blazing away there in the south. It's nearer us than most of the others, and them two yellow stars right over yer head, I've forgotten their names, but I think they're called the Twins."

Guy made no answer. He listened, awe-struck, but allowed himself now to send his wandering eyes over the vast dome that stretched above him. He looked out as one who sees for the first time, who moves his limbs for the first time, astonished not only by the new world but also by himself. Suddenly he fell back a little, trembling.

"What's up?" said Jim, anxiously.



"I saw one falling," said the child. "It fell, and some one caught it like a ball."

Jim looked down at him, smiling.

"Can they—can they tumble on us?" whispered the child.

"No," said Jim stoutly. "That they can't. They're kept well in their places. Some of them are big worlds as I tell ye, with suns and moons of their own, worlds so big ye couldn't sail round them in a year. You haven't a notion yet how big the worlds and suns are!"

Guy was silent. A little wind stirred the lime trees near him, and through the dancing leaves he saw more stars looking down in golden beauty.

"Ye haven't been to school long, ye see," said Jim, conscious that he had himself left the Camp-school before his fourteenth birthday. "Ye couldn't know very much about the worlds and the stars yet. Years ago I used to sleep out with the other boys, and we saw the sky every night just as well as if we'd been shepherds looking after sheep on the hills. We'd a teacher too, and he could tell us no end o' yarns about the stars. Mr. Norman his name was, and he come from the North. He used to go to Greenwich Observatory. It's quite close, ye see. There, where the trees are, is Greenwich."

"I don't care about Greenwich," said Guy. "I want to know why the stars don't fall."

"As I was saying, this is a place where ye

could learn it all off, and see it all if we slept in the right places. I been to Egypt, and to France, and they don't know any more there than Mr. Norman did; only the people at the Observatory know more I suppose than he did. Anyhow there an't any better sky anywhere than this sky," said Jim firmly.

"Jim," said the child, dreamily, "I want to sleep out all my life. Never in a room no more. No, never more." His voice trailed off into a whisper, and his eyes closed, for sleep arrived now, very suddenly, very imperiously, after the long vigil. Jim settled himself down too, glad that his knowledge of the heavenly bodies was to be put to no further tests.

Around them as they slept the garden seemed to waken to a new, mysterious life. The flowers poured out their perfume in the darkness, and above in the vast arch of the sky great changes took place, moving on every hour, every moment in majestic silence. It changed, it showed a brighter dust of stars, its clouds flitted away and massed themselves in new flocks, and at length, but long before the coolness of dawn the stars faded away, one by one. All the fields of heaven lay empty and gray, awaiting a new guest. He came. The east crimsoned, and below the deepening flush a great jewel glittered, blazed, and rose higher. Jim sat up in bed.

"Waken up, kid," he said, laying his hand on Guy's shoulder. "Time to get up."

Guy stirred, opened his eyes, saw Jim, and was filled with a sudden rapture of joy. It was the "joy of the waking" of the Red Indian, the gladness that comes in childhood or early youth when one remembers a new happiness in the first moment of return. Guy had never felt it before; he would never perhaps know it again. He sat up and looked around him, smiling.

Starlings twittered and flew in the old wall above the sand pit. The nasturtiums over the dug-out wall, the blue lupins and the early helleniums shone out in the pure light.

"You go and have your bath now round the back there," cried Jim, "and then you'll help me with these beds."

Guy came back looking fresh and radiant. It seemed to him that a new life must begin now, a life worthy of the joys of the night in the open. He moved the beds under the awning, folded the blankets, and questioned Jim with bright eager glance. Wonderful to see, Jim was not overjoyed. He was somehow changed. He was anxious to get back to work.

"Where do the stars go to in the morning?" asked Guy.

"They hide themselves, o' course. They wait till dark, and then come out again."

"But tell me," said the child. But Jim cut him short. "No! No! Come now! Your mother

will be calling for you soon if you don't hurry. Are ye ready ? ”

“ Ready ! Yes,” said Guy, but his face fell.

They were going out then to the old world, to the old life. A group of men stood outside the gate, unshaven, dirty, their hands buried deep in their trousers pockets. They looked stupidly at the two boys as they went by. At the alley head Guy and Jim parted company. Guy went up the lane by himself. The doors were closed now, and the lane was quiet and empty, but Guy's mother was standing on her doorstep waiting for him. She was more untidy than usual, and her face was stained with dirt and tears.

“ Your father came home drunk,” she sobbed. “ He struck Albert and me. He's sleeping now.”

Guy stood looking at her, his cheeks fresh and rosy, his eyes shining and yet clouded with fear. He seemed longing to balance her dark tidings with something glad, but he could not. He felt the black inrush of the old life, and stood looking at her helplessly.

“ Where *you* been,” she whimpered, wiping her eyes with her apron, “ looking so jolly ? You ain't got no feeling for me,” she sobbed, touched by something in her son's face, and giving way a little. “ He struck me and said this place wasn't fit for pigs. I ain't had no sleep. . . .”

“ Mother,” said Guy suddenly, taking her by the skirt. “ I seen the stars ! ”

## CHAPTER XXI

### GUY AND THE MORNING

THE next evening, as Guy was resigning himself to a night in the crowded family room, Jim's shock head appeared above the dusty sill. Guy's heart bounded, and his mother's face lightened. She came out to the street door. "He's that uplifted," she said, "he can't speak o' nothing but stars !"

Guy looked up hastily at the grey sky, and then down at the troubled, and yet hopeful face of the mother. It was quite plain that she shared Guy's joys and was eager to let him have any pleasure that came his way. "I hope," she said, "he ain't a trouble to ye. I know that you old campers are different from t'others. You bothers more with th' little 'uns."

"Me, oh well ! I can't abear sleeping indoors on summer nights, and he's company for me," said Jim modestly.

It was late already, so their departure was unnoted. The street had new concerns to-night also, for it was Saturday, and there was a great

crowd in front of the public-house and a dance in the upper part of the close.

Jim and Guy locked the gate, and drew out their beds and lay for a while listening to the tumult. Up to a late hour they listened, and then a great silence fell, and the flaring lights went out.

"In here you might hear a pin drop," cried Jim, sitting up and looking round, "but them stars o' yours ain't going to shine to-night. It's a strange thing," said Jim, running his hand through his dark hair till it stood up like brush bristles. "Ye may plan and plan, and then ye don't get what ye hoped, but something quite different."

Guy, lying out in the open once more with his friend, was too happy to think of complaining, though he looked upward in vague wonder.

It was too true then! They would not shine to-night. The sun had gone down in great splendour, but the sky looked indifferent and cold now like a spoiled beauty, and not even one star shone in its cold, grey vault, which, however, was lighted, more or less dimly, by a thin, pale moon.

Guy sat up and looked at the trees all a-quiver in the fresh wind, and at the broom rocking near him in the lupin-bed.

"How did people come to build them little houses where we sleep, Jim?" asked Guy. "Why did they build them at all?"

"Storms. Cold. Rain. Wild animals," said Jim shortly. "Don't ye know there was wild

animals once going about here all night. Wolves, cave-bears, monstrous wild beasts."

Guy opened his eyes wide as if he saw the monsters, and drew the clothes over his head a little.

"It's not cold to-night, Jim," he said, after a while, "I am quite warm. And there are no wild beasts, only a black cat on the wall, and a white one in the dug-out garden."

Jim did not answer, and Guy tried to keep his eyes wide open, but they closed at last in spite of him.

The chill, grey sky looked down on them, and the wan moon, all unattended. All the trees and the tall bushes trembled and rustled, and then were still. And all night as they slept with the cool air on their faces the sky changed, and quiet stars came out and looked at them sleeping. Out in the streets there was no sound, no murmur; then at last, soon after dawn a tram came swinging down the road beyond the northern shelter. Its shrill whistling noise woke Jim.

"Get up, kid," he said, laying his hand on Guy's shoulder. "It's time."

Guy turned sleepily, but seeing the sky and the roof of the bungalow felt a sudden rush of joy and sat up.

"Go and have your bath," said Jim. "Hot and cold water they have here, and ye feel different after it."

Guy came back after a while, fresh and glowing. Jim had drawn back the beds, folded the clothes in a heap, and lighted a fire in a square of stones. He was boiling tea in a pan. On a garden seat near by he had set out some buns, slices of bread and margarine, some half-ripe plums, and a pot of brown sugar.

"I'll show ye something after breakfast," he said, as they sat eating, Guy squatting on the ground, looking as if he expected wonderful things to happen for evermore.

"What is it, Jim? Can we stop here all day and sleep here every night?"

"Go on," cried Jim, scornfully. "See that railing on the top of the little house?" he went on, pointing to the roof of the hostel. "You can see fine things up there, I'm going to take ye up. Get on my back."

Guy scrambled on Jim's shoulders, and Jim climbed by the windows on to the roof and behind the railings.

The sun was rising, and the grand curve of the river shone crimson, reflecting all the glory of the sky. The Strand looked wonderful, bare and clean with the green water lapping low on the shingle, and with a strange quiet like a place seen in a dream. More strange, more beautiful even, were the pillars of Greenwich Naval College, beyond gates all a-glitter, backed by ardent crimson, where the sun was low. In the midst of the glory the sun shone



above the horizon, like a great jewel, but the towers rose white and pure, drawing the eyes higher and higher to where they soared above the crimson lances.

"Jim," whispered Guy, "What is it? Where are we?"

"I told ye," said Jim triumphantly. "We're in Deptford. There aren't finer stars nor finer sunrises, nor a finer river anywhere. I been in Egypt, and I been in India, and in France, and I ought to know. I seen it when I was a kid in the Camp-school," cried Jim, whose English had pure intonations, but whose verbs were out of hand. "The fellows that see it once never have any rest again."

Guy gripped the railing with his hard little hand.

"What do they want to do, Jim," he said, bewildered.

Jim shook his head. "Dunno," he said, "Dunno properly."

"Do they want to go away," hazarded little Guy, "to go, well, to India, and France?"

"I been there," said Jim sadly. "There ain't no better sky there than here. Tain't the sky that's wrong here," said Jim, "nor the stars, nor the river."

Guy still gripped the railings hard, and his freckled little face was overcast, and more puzzled than ever. He gazed out on the river's path of shining gold. The two young people, the child

and the youth, looked down the river's path of shining gold. Then Jim picked Guy up and made the descent rapidly.

Guy's mother was almost cheerful this morning. The adventure of her son in the night camp ground broke up the dull tenour of her life and she woke with a dim, pleasant feeling that there was something to get up for. So she washed at the tap, and did her hair, and lighted a fire. There was a kipper or two, also, bought overnight for Guy and Jim in case their camp breakfast left them hungry. The poor crowded room wore almost a bright look when the campers got there.

"Back, are ye?" said Guy's mother, smiling, "Seen your stars again, I suppose," she added, rallying her son.

"E's star-struck, I tell him."

"They didn't shine last night," said Jim, putting his blankets down on a chair. "It was a bit of a sell last night, wasn't it, kid?"

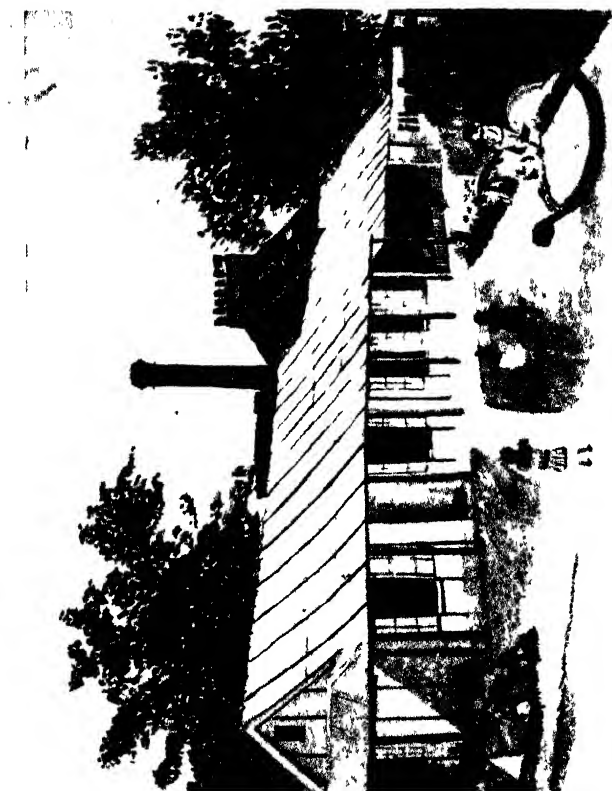
He went out slowly, and the mother looked at the scorned kippers. Somehow the cheerful breakfast she had planned had not come off. Guy drew close to her.

"Mother," he said softly, "we seen the sunrise."

END OF PART I.







## PART II

### CHAPTER XXII

#### THE TRAINING OF THE TEACHERS

Not long ago it was held by most people that any nice motherly girl would do as a nurse for little children. The well-to-do classes believed this, so they engaged a good motherly woman, who in some cases turned out very well, because she had some natural gifts. Often a young woman of humble education was taken on as a nurse, and a great deal of mischief was done in a quiet way, mischief that no future education would ever really undo. As for the working-class mothers and fathers, their children were left to them altogether, and without help or hindrance they did what they could. Parental love was believed by even great thinkers like Herbert Spencer to be a tremendous safeguard. Without discussing the rightness or wrongness of these views, we can now open the records or reports of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education and others. It is sad to learn that in some districts a fifth or more of all the children born, die in early childhood. Many of the survivors are to be seen in our new school clinics, and the records of the doctors and nurses all tell one tale. The *causes* that killed so

many do not spare the children who appear to escape. They are maimed and weakened. Above all, the work of the Open Air Nursery-School has flung over the evil results of bad environment a pitilessly searching light.

We compare our regular attendants of years standing in the Nursery with the newcomers, and with the average child of the district. Then the truth cannot be gainsaid. The Nursery child has a fairly good physique. Not only do his neighbours in the slum fall far short of him: his "betters" in good districts, the middle-class children, of a very good type, fall short of him. It is clear that something more than parental love and "parental responsibility" are wanted. Rules of thumb have all broken down. "Parental love" without knowledge has broken down. Child nurture has not broken down. It is very highly skilled work. Here and there on the world's surface comparatively good results may be had indeed, even in poor districts. Connemara mothers may do more to keep down infant mortality than a finely-equipped clinic and a brace of medical officers of health in Bradford. These good results are due to natural feeding to start with, and life in the open with simple diet to go on with. These things depend not on choice, but on accident. They prove that in some places it is difficult to go very far and very fatally wrong! In most places it is only too easy to go fatally

wrong, and that is why our children's death-rate is still so high.

If "Parental responsibility" is limited by the degree of intelligence a parent has or has not, the responsibility of a "nice motherly girl" is limited in the same way. Certainly we did not at first realise how large and varied should be the equipment of people who aspire to give real nurture to children under seven. That had to be learned gradually, now we know that the help, not of one, but of various specialists is needed. Also that in no other trade or profession is every kind of *real* skill and vision so useful as in this work. Our results in this camp are said to be wonderful. They do not come without any kind of effort. There is nothing occult about them, but they mean labour of every kind. They can be won for the millions of young children in every land and district. Many workers will have to co-operate. Dentists and (at first) doctors, specialists, trained teachers, and mothers will have to co-operate. At last out of all their help and striving will come the new and beautiful thing that is going to change the face of the world.

So there is need, first of all, of training. What kind of training? Are we to turn to Spencer or Herbart, Froebel or Séguin? Who is to be the supreme guide and teacher? We answer, "All of these," in the sense that we may learn something from each. None of these in the sense we



should follow any one of them blindly. Our task is new. It has never before been attempted. The arts our new teachers have to learn are not so much as named in any scheme or almost in any syllabus of to-day.

All the examinations of our leading societies, their diplomas and certificates and distinctions, steer clear of problems we have to face. All the teachings of the greatest men and women halt long before they come abreast of our needs. Therefore we have to do our own research work.

Sensing the trouble all round them, vaguely conscious of new demands made on them, teachers stand to-day in a kind of dream. Many fall back on old cries. "We are not going to be nurses," say many voices. "Why should we go far in any subject but child care, if we are only going into nursery-schools?" ask others. Before each we stand to-day with a new gospel. These cries as of wanderers emerging suddenly in a cloudy place call for guidance. We must not be afraid of seeking, or of telling what we know.

Most of our children are ill. Many are half-alive. That did not matter yesterday. There was no Nursery-School legislation, and no new desire to give nurture. Mr. Forster's Bill of 1871 set out to give us a people who can read. This was done. Most people can read nowadays. The new Bill goes farther. The new Bill in effect says, "Most people, all people at least must have

nurture," which is the beginning of culture. The teachers stand a little aghast. This nurture is very well, but it is not their business. Not their business! Then nothing of the greatest things, the removal of disease and vice and dullness, is their business! They are not going on then to lead us, but only to find a simplified way of spelling? And we have just discovered that it is not only their business, but that all they have learned and done has prepared them to give nurture. The teacher of little children is not merely giving lessons. She is helping to make a brain and nervous system, and this work which is going to determine all that comes after, requires a finer perception and a wider training and outlook than is needed by any other kind of teacher.

Others are going to teach a big girl history or a big boy Latin. *She* is going to modify or determine the structure of brain centres.

So we had first of all to work out a new art in the only way possible, that is by taking on new tasks and doing them with a new motive. We took young girls and some older girls also who were already certificated teachers, and said to them. "Forget that you were teachers, forget even that you are students, and try to help these children." The little ones were delicate. Many were dirty. All had more or less bad habits in diet and behaviour, and everyone went home at night to its parents. These teachers who were

now nurses had many things to learn that are not taught in training colleges. They had to bathe and dress, to feed and take care of the children. They did all this as the nurses had never done it. Their work was, as we say, "blessed." They began to teach, not writing, but washing, not art, but how to use one's hand, and lo ! this was true education. This was not merely service, but the means for research.

Perhaps it would be well to dwell on this success a little. We were reminded of it at once when, after a year's work, our students went back to books and paint-boxes, and the usual work of students. Teachers better trained and better educated in many ways took their places. The school fell off at once. The nose-drills ceased, and the hair was not so pretty. The school became a poor school. Again the children were poor children, they matched the poor walls instead of glowing like flowers in a cottage garden. On the other hand, the teachers who had served, began to teach the three R's with great success. One of these, not very well qualified, excelled all the others in her results. Why ? We do not know. But should we now go back to the old order. Oh no ! We had found a better one ! There was something lacking in the training of yesterday and having caught a glimpse of better things one could not go back. We must take the culture-work of yesterday and give it a new foundation.

Séguin, our greatest modern teacher, learned by teaching defective children. They opened to him the doors of new truth. Our teachers go back to the poorest class of child and serve him. Into dark homes they go doing work that is new to them, and lo! this work opens new doors to them, and they see what was hid from them in former days and in more "cultured" places.

There is no risk in these visits, for the whole adult population is friendly, and the nursery holds them by strong ties through the love both places have in common for their children. Yet the first wave of new experience is new and startling. There are mothers who drink and fight and stay out late, so that the little ones are locked out.

Teddy's mother was one of these. She lives in a cellar, and neglects him for long spells, when she is out "enjoying" herself. Yet she is suggestible, and our Miss S. has got a hold of her somehow, through her goodness to Teddy. Miss S. dives into the cellar and makes a glow there with her soft fresh face and bright uniform. "You do look like a posy coming in," says the heavy-eyed woman in the gloom. "You make me think of the country." And after a few weeks Teddy makes her think of the country every evening, when he comes back all fresh and rosy from the nursery. Our Miss S. has rigged up a cheap apparatus for heating water in the cellar and she has got Teddy's mother to give him his

bath at the week-end, and to wash his home-clothes, and send him in bright and sweet on a Monday morning. She has done this for other children, and she has done it by getting friendly with mothers.

Full of resource is this "lass from Lancashire." She encourages a kind of rivalry in the matter of clothes and hair-dressing. "Patience was so spotless to-day that she did not have a bath!" "Rosy was a picture this morning when she came in at the gate!" And she describes Rosy. Perhaps it would be trivial to write down all that she says and does, but the result of it all is not trivial. It is to be found in a troop of little children who lighten up the streets like a posy, and who make the idle men standing at the corner gaze at them with a wistful, half-stupefied air, as if a waft of something new and long forgotten had come down the air. It is Miss S.'s glory to see them turn in at the gate looking as fair and fit as any children of the best suburbs. To send them out looking so fair is a triumph. To see them come in so fair and so sweet, is a greater triumph.

The week-end falling away has to be tackled in nearly every case. At first nearly all the children used to come in on Monday morning with the digestive system all upset. Teddy's mother did not relate all this to anything she had given him to eat on Sunday. In a friendly visit one can tackle this question and settle it, if only the friendship is

real and strong enough. Teddy's mother will do almost anything for our Miss S.

Some of the children of our school were nearly always heavy-eyed and weary. They had short and troubled nights in crowded and foetid rooms. Adored and lovely toddlers were cherished all day ! How did they fare at night ?

" I heard Tommy crying last night in the street. It was eleven o'clock, dark and cold, and I heard his voice in the street," said Tommy's nurse.

In this case also nothing is much use except the magic touch of a new friendship. Under it miracles can be wrought ; the dirty staircase and poor rooms can be cleaned up, and a corner found for a little bed. Even if there is noise all round his bed it may be screened from glaring light, and Tommy may be placed in it at eight o'clock. Some children began to come in bright-eyed of a morning and without any gross signs of wrong feeding.

Our students have to know their new neighbours. They have to get some idea of housing, of the cost of food, and the needs of a family who live always on the brink of a financial precipice ! They must not turn their eyes away from the horrors of a bad neighbourhood, just as a nurse may not flinch near the battle-front or in the hospital. They are quite as safe in a slum as they would be in Belgravia—in fact, a great deal safer. This we have proved by experience, and by the fact that we have slept and still sleep with open doors in the

heart of a so-called "bad." neighbourhood. But the grim street, the public-house, and pawnshop area, the drunkenness, the cruel rack-renting, the epidemics and high death-rate concern the teachers just as bombs and gangrene and broken limbs concern the nurse in a war hospital.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### SKETCHES OF A FEW TYPICAL CHILDREN AND THEIR HOMES

JERRY came to us as a baby of five weeks old, very sickly, white and miserable. As time went on, however, he turned into a pretty little fellow with soft fair hair, that was brushed up into one large circular curl. His dark eyes grew soft and bright and affectionate.

The Head of the Toddler section took Jerry to her heart. He got fat and winsome and merry. His diet and the fresh air and regular hours made short work of the rickets that threatened him. He had convulsions twice in Camp. On Monday mornings he is never very well—the result of being at home over the Sundays.

Jerry's home is a cobbler's shop. It is dark and very dirty. His grand-uncle sits there in a very hot kitchen, an old man with a noble head and piercing eyes, but extraordinarily dirty. The kitchen is small, and the window, which looks out on a dirty court, is never opened. Jerry's mother is a handsome young woman of twenty-eight, very plausible. She goes out charing and owes



the camp nearly £3 (we charge 2s. a week). The Head goes to see her sometimes, and makes all kinds of efforts to get the home cleaned up. All in vain. Jerry sometimes gets really ill on Sunday. The Head appears on Monday and tries to get things done for him. The mother is almost very well-spoken and civil, but she never pays. She does not wash Jerry, and when she is asked for money, she threatens to take Jerry away. Now Jerry is very beautiful. He adores his nurses. They adore him. When he is kept away the camp is like a flower-bed in June with no rose in it.

Dennis lives in a worse street than Jerry's. It is a huddle of houses with dark, greasy lobbies and hideous black stairs leading down into cellars. Dennis's mother lives in one of the cellars. It is so dark that when one goes in one sees nothing for a few moments. Then a broken wall, and a few sticks of furniture appear, and a dark young woman with touzled hair and glittering eyes looks down on us.

Dennis is a great pet in the Nursery. On his firm little feet he runs all round the big shelter and garden, exploring and enjoying everything. Reserved as he is, he breaks into a kind of singing on bright June mornings, the wind blowing his soft top curl over his forehead, his eyes alight with joy. In the evening an older sister comes, and carries him back to the cellar. He looks pale on Monday, but the camp life will steer him safely

through healthy childhood if he is not taken away. His father works sometimes, but drinks. The 2s. a week is paid regularly by the mother.

Not far down our street there is an old house with top stories and garrets. Families live all the way up, and the back windows look out on our camp. They are nearly always full of heads. All day long faces come and go, looking out at our Camp and the children in the garden. But in the top room where live the Donaghes, whose boys, Henry and Geoffry and whose girl Amy are in the Camp, there is no curiosity left. The mother is out working all day, and the father has left them, or rather the family has got away from *him*.

Where has he gone and why? Six months ago Mrs. Donaghe, a tall, fair woman with bright, dark eyes, lived in a state of great excitement and happiness. "He" was coming home from the war. The children got new clothes. The house was *en fête*. Amy had never seen him. She was a baby when he went away, and now the Camp had turned her out a lovely little girl of four, with soft clear skin, radiant dark eyes, silky hair, tall and strong, and very intelligent. She spoke tripping English and could say French words too: "Je t'aime, papa!" for example. The mother, not to be behind, had taught her to say, "Welcome home!" "Why! what grand children," he would say, "I didn't know I'd such a fine little girl." Well, he came home at last, after many

disappointing delays. He came and the clothes were still fresh, though they had been taken out and put back again three or four times. There were gay doings for a week or two. He treated them all, and took them out to the pictures. Then he got drunk and beat his wife and terrified the children. They got so frightened of him at last that the mother separated from him. She works for them, but she cannot pay 6s. She works, and is distracted at times. The good days are gone—except at the Camp, where Amy no longer shouts to the wonder of all, “*Je t’aime, papa !*”

Our little Moses lived in a cellar too, but he is dead. It was a very dark, cold cellar, in an old house down a back street. Moses came to the Camp when his father was at war, and his mother was working at munitions. He was so overjoyed to see the strange, bright world in there behind the dark fence that he learned to smile in a very little time, and to wave his tiny, thin hand in triumph ! Among the young nurses was one, a Scottish girl, who took him into her keeping and made of him before the winter was over, a merry, chubby little fellow.

In his dark eyes there was, I now think, a look of something grave and deep and earnest. I saw him after he left when his mother was explaining her husband’s views. He looked at me earnestly with his dark eyes. Those baby eyes now hidden for ever have a way of following one about. They

are not to be forgotten. The father came home, and he had views on the duties of motherhood. He wanted his wife to leave the factory and look after her own child. He did not move from the cellar. There was a hot spell of weather in June. Moses fell ill and died. "I wish," said the mother, "I'd left my child at the Camp in spite of his father." And we wished it too. The Scottish nurse-student who went to see him in the hospital wished it. Moses will not come again into our garden.

Here is Jack, who gets bigger and jollier every day. He does not live in a cellar, but in the dark back room of a house in a wide street. His mother is delicate and takes in sewing and Jack used to sit "quiet as a mouse" on a stool at her feet all day, winding spools or putting pins into a cushion. Frail, with white, thin hands he was, and he trembled as he spoke. After a month in camp he did not tremble. Still later he got so noisy that his mother said she would take him away. "He used to sit still for hours," she said, "but now he has that much life in him that I can't abide him in the room." We pointed out that perhaps it was better to be a little boisterous at the age of six, and she agreed, cheered a little, but a little doubtful, with eyebrows raised as she bent over her seam.

The poor back rooms and cellars are sometimes homes after all. There is a brave woman in one

house, struggling, hoping, bearing all things. Even thus she cannot keep her children safe from all the danger of the streets. They grow up, sharp in certain ways, ready for every kind of thing that comes along, eyeing human faces as an old sailor eyes the doubtful seas. Our new and highly-trained teachers from schools that take only the well-cared-for children of wealth and leisure are astonished. They face new problems. It is not their method or their aim that falls short. It is their experience. We must widen the experience of our best teachers. We must send our best out, on the uncharted social sea. To-day we are like a Power with a splendid fleet locked up in port, some of the best ships always at anchor.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### DENTAL AND CLINIC TRAINING

THE dentist of the Clinic near our Nursery-School examines the teeth of all the children once a month, and reports on the state of every mouth. To keep the teeth in good order is of course the business of the Nurse-teachers, and this they do by seeing that the brushing and washing is done every day and night at the right time. This, however, is not enough. In view of the very great importance of this work the teacher-nurses require special training. How are they to get it? In the old, old way—by real work, not mere theory and reading. At first we had our dentist, Mr. Magraw, to give courses of lectures to our students and to illustrate these as well as he could by things he brought from the clinic. No doubt these lectures were of use to the students, but it did not open their eyes to the real use and value of the work, still less did it give them much power to help him.

At that time we had a trained nurse helping at the Dental Clinic but the arrangement did not work very well. The war called up many of the best to give their services in the hospital or

the field, and there was no demand for such posts as this. We sent one of our students to do the work. This was a new thing, but everything is new at first. The dentist took one girl student to serve for three months in the Clinic. The experiment was a great success. The hours were not long,—9.30 to 4 with an hour and a half free at midday. Our student did not give up all her work as a student, and in a few days it became clear that she would soon do the dental work as well as any trained nurse. After three months we sent another, and then another. At last as a final test, we sent our very youngest student, a girl of barely sixteen. She got a splendid report before her time was half up! This proves, I think, that there is nothing to prevent our giving this very useful training to a great number of teachers! And if this can be done it is clear that the dental work in schools will be enormously helped and forwarded. For though the students will not be qualified as dental assistants, their eyes will be opened to the importance of the work, and they can act *in some measure* as dental scouts and inspectors for the dentist in the schools. This, surely, is a very great service to buy at a cost which is not a cost at all, but a saving!

The student attends to the dentist and his patient. She cleans his instruments, attends under directions to fillings, and stands by while

he is at work mending and filling, etc. Sometimes he will stop to draw her attention to any interesting or important thing, and she hears what he says to the patient. She learns at an inspection how large a number of poor children have broken teeth, in how many the shape of the mouth is quite deformed, also how nature mends teeth herself when the health is unproved and does it with great success. Every week the student goes off to a big school with the dentist. He inspects over a hundred children and when these come up for treatment the student knows something about them, more especially about the bad cases. Such work and such visits throw a flood of light on the teaching she receives from the dentist in class. We send every student to school inspections, and the "free-lances" go for three months to serve in their turn. When the lessons start they are eager.

The course is not a long one—only twelve lessons. It is as practical as we can make it. Children come in, and the students look into the mouth and are shown what to look at. The dental course of lectures and observation work with Mr. Magraw is as follows :—

Brief description of the jaw-bones.

Structure of a tooth.

Development of the teeth.

Eruption of the teeth.

Disorders connected with teething.



Defective formation of the teeth, general and local.

Effects of feeding in infancy on the shape of the palate and dental arch.

The effect of adenoids on the growth of the jaws.

Caries.

Salivary glands, saliva.

Disease arising from oral sepsis.

Oral hygiene.

After these lectures the pupils sit for an examination paper.

*Work in the Medical Clinic.*—The training in the Clinic means work in the Clinic. The head of this work is the Clinic nurse. She may not care to give any kind of teaching, and indeed she is far too busy to attempt formal teaching. She can accept help, and this help has been given by our students, who are welcomed in our Clinic.

In the minor ailments room the real meaning of preventible disease comes home to the young student as never before. Even in the waiting-room she has her first initiation. There, ranged on seats by the walls, sit scores of sufferers who are ill because they have never had a nursery. Blepharitis, scabies, impetigo, conjunctivis, skin diseases of many kinds—these are not seen in our school. They are seen in the Clinic. Thousands of these cases are seen yearly, and are treated here and in the bathing centre. But they

come back again and again. And why do they come back ? Because the children have no nursery, no nurse, no baths, nothing that can be called a home. Our students learn how to note these diseases and what to do for them, but above all they learn that they need not exist at all. If any child came to seek entrance at our nursery doors who was suffering from one or more of these ugly things, our nurse-teachers must know what to do for him or rather where to send him. Our Principal need not send them far, because my dear sister said long ago, " We must get a Clinic. We must have a bathing centre." Our student has to learn about what is done there for at least a month of her training and as *part of her craft*.

Into the Clinic pour other cases : children with cuts and bruises and wounds that are allowed to get septic : cases of minor accidents, too, burns, as when little ones fall on a fire grate-bar or have hot water spilt on them. All these children suffer because they have no nurture, and it must occur to our students that if *all* children had nurseries we should need very few clinics, save perhaps for teeth. It is part of their training, however, to treat those burns and scalds and cuts and bruises however they are come by !

A torrent of adenoid and tonsil cases rush through our Clinic. In one year, several years ago, we did over 700 operations for these ! And the student learns by watching this great stream as it passes,

She even goes into the operating room. She learns then why we have nose-drills, why we have paper handkerchiefs hung on the walls so low that every child over two can reach them, and why we do other things that may seem, at first, unnecessary.

In the Clinic she learns that a great many children are more or less deformed before they are twelve years old. Who would have thought so many young backs were crooked, so many young insteps fallen? Yesterday it was easy to hide all this, but in the nursery, in the bath-room, one can note these things if one's eyes are opened. Our students' eyes are opened—they see what happens when there is no nursery—no observation at all!

The Clinic torrent shows a great many cases of gastro-intestinal trouble, of chest diseases, colds, coughs, bronchitis, dilated bronchi, old lung trouble, suspected tuberculosis and enlarged glands. The chest troubles are the most common of all among the ill-housed. Yet how needless is this suffering. In the Camp Nursery in the dead of winter we have no colds. The student learns what can be done and what cannot be done for those who have no nurse and no mother who can give nurture. Here, as in the nursery, she learns to diagnose rickets and anæmia. But as the nursery cases are few in comparison, and as they get well so fast, she has a wider field for observation in the Clinic.

Only the Clinic cannot deal with all the cases. It can put teeth in order, and heal up ears and throats, and prescribe glasses. It cannot work out the cure of anæmia, much less can it plunge underneath the current and deal with causes. Many of the anæmic cases are psychic cases; and none of them can be dealt with by drugs or advice. Neither can they get much good from holiday trips of a fortnight or three weeks at the seaside. She learns that many are curable, but also that the holiday measures of to-day will not do. Only a new kind of life will cure them, and that after, not months, but years.

All too brief as it is, the experience in the Clinic is priceless for the young student. She sees there the problems of her own day. She sees, also, how they are dealt with to-day, and she knows that young as she is she is called upon to be a pioneer. The experience offered her is not, I think, inferior to that of a hospital. (Certainly the work done in the Deptford Clinic during the past nine or ten years rivals that of a hospital.) It is offered to her, without delay, and in a form that makes possible a rapid review of many kinds of diseases and treatment. Above all it makes clear to her what can and what cannot be done in a school clinic. She knows the value and also the limitations of such places. She sees the part they have to play in the new education. But now she sees also where their work ends, and

how even as clearing stations they are baulked until the schools and camps, the homes and nurseries, come into being that will at last empty their waiting-rooms. And surely this is a great part of her training!

\* \* \* \* \*

How, it will be asked, can this training be worked into a short course of a year? It has not been done in a year-course. We are not even recognized as a college. Our three-year-course for free-lance probationers counts as nothing from the grant-earning point of view. All our clinic students were three-year-course girls. The Medical Clinic begins at 9.30 and ends at 5 o'clock. Two shifts of students can attend in morning and afternoon relays. The time spent might vary from one to two months. Only free-lance students—that is the girls who do not come as certificated teachers from college for a final one-year training, could spend a longer time in the Clinic as their training goes on for three years. Short as the time spent in practical work is, it lights up all the lectures and teaching on physiology and gives them new meaning. Over and above this practical work there is of course the work in the nursery and Nursery-School. A doctor attends here every week, and at first it was thought he could give a good deal of help to the students in the half-hour following these visits. Our toddlers, however, get quite well so fast that this part of the

scheme was all spoilt. And as for the older children their rude health and muscular limbs are as we have seen truly insolent. The doctor goes away quite humbly and hurriedly every Wednesday, and the girls have no chance of learning anything much in this way till they go to the Clinic.

## CHAPTER XXV

### PHYSICAL TRAINING AS PREPARATION

**PHYSICAL** training—as distinguished from remedial work—may be taken with one of two aims. It may be given so as to accustom children to the word of command, or it may be taken as one great means of training a child to control himself. In the case of mere rapid obedience to a word of command the limbs are brought into play. If the aim is the giving of self-control quite another and more far-reaching kind of training has to be gone through, and the use of the lungs and the diaphragm play a very important part in the whole work.

A rapid survey of the young girls who come to us for training proves that many leave school with serious defects and ailments, which have been long overlooked. One, for example, has been allowed to grow a very crooked back, another is injured by constant stooping, and these must of course go through a course of remedial work. Of the others one may say with truth that the character as well as the health is affected by the breathing habits they have formed. In order that they may, later, take

care of little children in this matter they must themselves undergo a new training, and this training cannot be given in "a few lessons." Something may be done in a year, but a year is a very short time, and no real teacher would pretend that she can give what ought to be given and do what ought to be done, inside 10 or 12 months!

*Breathing.* Babies breathe rightly as a rule when they are born. How then do they fall into bad habits? The teacher at the Deptford centre, Miss Rose Evans, gives a novel explanation of this which may quite well be the true one. "The first frown," she says, "the first angry shake or harsh word sets up the breathing that we call nervy breathing." Certainly we see those depressing emotions, such as fear and sorrow, make the breathing irregular, or even stop it altogether for a moment or two. Sobbing, quick and long carried on, follows shame and grief. Believing this as she does, it is no wonder that our voice specialist is the arch foe of fear, and is never tired of showing her students that to be very happy means calm, deep breathing, while calm, deep breathing means in nine cases out of ten good manners and good conduct.

The training begins by saying good-bye to stiff collars and waistbands, and by the wearing of loose bodices and wide skirts. Thus freed our young people lie flat on the floor, close mouth and lips, and take a slow even breath through the nose with-



out raising the chest. This first exercise already means for some girls the use of long, long-abused or neglected muscles. When no more air can be taken into the lungs without straining, the mouth is opened, and the breath is let out quietly and steadily.

This is the first exercise in Madame Behlke's book "The Speaking Voice." Over twenty years ago I had one of her teachers engaged for the Pupil Teachers' Centre at Bradford. The work was begun there with good results. It was never carried far enough to show even a little of its true value, and perhaps, in view of the large number of girls trained at the centre, it could not be carried far enough to give anything like the real harvest. This cannot be said at Deptford, however, for the Rachel McMillan College is small, and the classes taken are small. Here, after many days, the fruits should ripen.

The three exercises following the first vary the breathing gymnastics a little. The pupil learns to let the breath go quickly, to let it out slowly, and to use with the new voice that is beginning to come already the long abused three vowels that were uttered before we tried to make our first word, and are now to be won anew—ah—oh—oo. And then a half-dozen exercises follow in inhaling. At this point mirrors are introduced and nine exercises are given for nose-breathing. They are so important that it may be well to give them here.

The pupil looks into the back of her own throat which possibly she has never done before. Her teacher also looks and notes the state of the soft palate and uvula. Then the pupil takes a short quick breath through the nose. The soft palate will fall on the uvula. The breath is expelled forcibly out of the open mouth. The soft palate will rise. Teacher and student talk over what they have seen, and if more help is wanted the teacher must find it now.

In the following eight or nine exercises the pupil lies down :—

1. Inhale quickly through the nose. Exhale very slowly with open mouth.

2. Inhale quickly through the nose. Hold the breath while you mentally count three slowly. Repeat five times.

3. Inhale slowly through the nose. Hold the breath while you count three. Let a little of the breath go to “La” whispered. Retain the rest of the breath for a second. Let it go as before to “La” whispered.

4. Same as last exercise, holding the breath while counting four. Let the breath go suddenly while saying a vowel. Repeat five times, changing the vowel each time you let the breath go forcibly.

5. Inhale through the nose. Let the breath go in three divisions pausing two seconds between each. *As the breath goes* say the vowels “ah,” “oh,” “oo,” one to each division of breath, stating

the tone exactly as the breath begins to go. The vowels are to be said quickly and sharply, without any click before the sound.

6. This exercise is to be taken sitting or standing. Slowly inhale through the nose. Retain the breath while you mentally count three. Close the mouth, all but a small aperture. Hold a lighted candle about 10 inches from the mouth. Let the breath go so gently that the flame will not flicker. A small feather may be used instead of a candle.

7. Slowly inhale as in last exercise. Open the mouth and breathe out against the flame without making it flicker.

8. Sing "ah" without flickering the candle flame.

9. Repeat, using the vowels in their order, "ah," "oh," "oo," "ai," "ee."

The pupils may now get up from the floor and use chairs. The head up, without stiffness, the hand trained to note the movement caused by the breath coming to the base of the lungs. Later the right breathing will be automatic but it takes longer in some people than others.

The work even at this stage opens the eyes to a great many things that existed yesterday unnoted. Our girls know, by experience, that the nose, far more than the tongue, is the unruly member of little slum children. For little slum children are not only very late in speaking; they suffer dreadfully from nasal catarrh and have, as a rule,

no handkerchief. At first then, and for long months, we have to have special nose drills for those who do not come up from the toddlers, but come in from outside every twenty minutes, for a time, we had nose drill in the three-year-old shed. Paper handkerchiefs are used, as we said, and these are tied in large bundles and hang ready by the shelf-corners and along the walls and are burned after use in the stove. The first practical use of all the nose-exercises and breathing drills is that it makes our students willing to take all this trouble in training the little ones to keep their nostrils free. They know the meaning of it now and what it is going to mean for the children later on. As they are allowed, once at least in their training, to attend at the Clinic when operations for adenoids are done, they know how one evil leads on to another, ending at last in a gruesome operation. Ah! how gruesome it is, and what a contrast to the scene in the hall and gardens where the girls are learning their beautiful craft. There, every exercise, or drill, ends in a kind of fête. There the intensive work is full of hope, and is starred by intervals of abandonment. Shouts of laughter often peal from the voice producer's room—indeed the house rings at times. As for the children their drills are taken in the meadow, because in the play that follows they are so merry that the head of our Nursery-School, Miss Stevinson, has

to make a proviso now and again : " I want the children to come to me in a quiet mood," or " Please don't let them get too merry in the hour before this lesson." And sometimes, looking at those dancing feet and sparkling eyes, and listening to the pure laughter and ringing voices, we remember that out in the street people " enjoy themselves " by getting tipsy and losing all trace of humanity. This shall not be to-morrow. However, we must now turn back to the students !

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Having given her short breathing drill, the teacher will look at her class, or rather at each girl in the class, and will be likely to make certain notes. To begin with, the girls are probably very self-conscious and, in many cases at least, all the movements are very stiff, while shadows of fear flit like ghosts through the rigid halls of memory. All this is in some of those young faces. Others of a bolder sort. call up a look of firmness, as of putting one's back to the wall and being ready for anything. Seeing them one remembers the drilling of infants in school of not so long ago, when every little figure marched from the knees, his shoulders high, his arms stiff, his whole little body frozen into a terrible imitation of stark soldierdom ! It was to be seen also in Germany a while ago, in older classes. Oh, to chase the shadow of this far away ! To bring humans back to human attitudes and human feelings. That is our aim.

Our teacher begins to chase the fear phantoms at once. "Begin to dance!" And we begin at first to dance from the knees. "From the thigh! Come! Swing out your limbs!" shouts a musical voice rippling with life and laughter, and the lower limbs swing a little clear. "Fling out your arms!" and arms are perked out from the elbow. "From the shoulder!" Out they go at last. The teacher sits down to the piano and plays. She plays beautifully, jubilantly. "If you would smile!" she cries, and later, as a real smile dawns, "Laugh! if you can!" and we laugh, but in a ghastly fashion. We cannot forget that we are "at a lesson." If anyone looked in at the door we should turn into iron.

Rusty keys must have turned surely on the young life that dances here so stiffly, so sadly. And behind this young womanhood there is a world of children who do not dance or sing for joy, and who work to time-tables all the time and play to order in stated ways in a narrow place. No wonder the breathing is shallow and the back weak, and the body organs and sides tied up into sluggish bundles. "Throw one arm over your head and take hands" goes the strange order. "Now change to the other hand!" And in the natural scuffle there actually is some natural laughter. "Very good," cries the teacher at last, coming down on the final chord.

"All this is very hoydenish," one may say ;

“ is it necessary ? ” It is as natural and necessary as yawning when one has been in close air, or as stretching one’s limbs when one has been lying for ages on a cramping bed. These first dances—and also those that follow—should be taken in the open air, and when the blush of healthy rose is on the cheeks and eyes a-sparkle with innocent fun and joy, one can go back to work again. The culture side of the work *follows* the restorative, as noon follows morning.

The exercises taken are short, so the work may be varied, all the more because every part of it acts and interacts on the rest. From the first almost the teacher begins to tackle the matter of language. Our girls are drawn from every part of the country, and their speech is on the whole certainly no worse than that of the average girl from a good middle-class home, and with secondary school training. This only means, however, that the teacher has to overhaul everyone in the use of vowel sounds, and so begin at last to get something that *deserves* to be called pure utterance.

One of Emil Behnke’s aims was to make his pupils sing pure vowels on notes in the middle compass of the voice, and Miss Evans has the same end in view. Singing is, as we know, a prolonging or holding of sounds or the making of sounds into tones ; and in this lengthened speaking (which is singing) the conscious shaping of the mouth and all its parts is needed for purity and beauty of tone.

"You may always stand by form, rather than force," said Ruskin, and the teachers of beautiful speech stand by form all the time. They, for example, make one girl get control of her writhing lips, her utterly untutored tongue: they make another tackle her upper lip, stiff as a board. *To start with the right shape of instrument* is the aim of the speech lessons.

About twenty of these vowel singing exercises are taken. They are, as I said, all designed to make the vowel pure through getting the lips, tongue, etc., to take the right shape and make the right movement all the time. This is drill. It is physical drill just as much as Swedish drill, and it has to be taken every day and practised, and applied in speech till at last one hears no more ugly "eah-ecks" for "cakes" and "dyely" for "daily"! The Cockney child has a harder task than the North Country girl or boy, for he has linked his vowels in nondescript sounds anyhow, whilst the North Country children, in spite of other grave errors, have escaped some speech traps by falling long ago on the plan of half chanting their vowels or lengthening them in speech.

In order to help the work, which is often tedious, and to evoke new attention power, various means are taken which will be described a little further on. The lessons are not allowed to become too fatiguing. Above all the old Shadow is not suffered to fall. The opportunity for free expres-



sion is given often, *and always after drill*. "Let us learn a little poem," says the teacher, and we learn this one.

The year's at the spring  
The day's at the morn,  
Morning's at seven,  
The hill-side's dew-pearled.  
The lark's on the wing,  
The snail's on the thorn  
God's in His Heaven—  
All's right with the world !

The girls stand in a circle and each one speaks one line.

At first the expression is forced. The emphasis is rather ugly, having no real feeling behind it. Yet there is plenty of feeling in these young hearts. It has been long forced down into some underground cellar of consciousness. Their inner life is muffled in weeds. We call that "being reserved." The joy of youth "reserved" and hidden away like a thing to be ashamed of ! The desire of the world in a stuffy cellar ! Nevertheless, a little ripple of joy gets into the voices at last. Eyes lighten. The whole body takes part, as when Kathleen runs out to *look* at the grass, or Katie breaks into a cry while the lark is soaring, or as when a far-off sweetness as of music behind the hills arrives at last in Mabel's rapturous "God's in His Heaven." All this is strange to hear.

*Voice Exercises and Dramatization.*—These are taken to the piano accompaniment, and are framed

so as to give control over the *out-going* breath, but the first two, sung in crotchets with crotchet rests on the ascending and descending scale, teach the pupil to take as much breath as is wanted *and no more*. They are followed by quicker movements of the larynx and tongue in semi-quavers with crotchet rests, and later by whispering exercises for final consonants (these having, of course, no need for voice at all but only vigour of lips and tongue). At last the pupils begin the singing of intervals; and then vocal muscles and ear are trained together. The work is hard. It needs courage; it tests the patience and faith of the worker. It sounds foolish at times to the uninitiated. I have heard inspectors say that it is foolish. The results are wonderful and pay for all.

On a Saturday morning the hostel is crowded with students. They make a noise as of a crowd, and passers-by wonder what is going on behind the opaque windows. It is Julius Caesar's death that is going on and the crisis of a government. All the lower hall and corridor is packed by a restless Roman crowd, and Brutus is on the staircase at grips with the hour. All this is *there*. The hurrying crowds and the figure on the stairs have something about them that puts the blue-and-white uniforms in the background somehow. Brutus is more or less Brutus. His voice has inflections that move and arrest. It has notes in it and a

strength in it that were not there and could not be there a month ago. All the voices are new. The vowels are pure, and there is something more striking than pure vowels—emotion more or less true.

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The work is helped very much by being carried on *in another language*. All these girls have learned school-grammar, but do not speak French when they come, nor do they understand it truly, so they have to plunge into speech, taking a header into La Fontaine's fables, done into simple French. They take the story down to dictation. They learn it by heart, and then they act it. All that is true in English is true also in French of speech and of inflection. And as I said, the French does not hinder the work. It helps, and helps much. Humans are humans in any language. In the fable of the "Cruel Ant" some girls as grasshoppers awaken pity and tenderness. Some are ants that make one glow with love for the erring and distressed. Some are bees that are adorable and show what Christianity is! All this in French that is *not* English-French any more!

Even these results are minor things. The great thing is that the pupil is changed, is transformed. The emotions are set flowing in a natural way in channels that are neither broken nor dammed. Some of the pent-up force that was driven under and showed itself only in nervous strain, in anxiety, and self-consciousness is now moving on to new

